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We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications: and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

President Castro has met the Dutch demand for redress with a long string of grievances against the Dutch Minister and a counter-demand for satisfaction and reparation. He has played the same game with varying degrees of success too often to be seriously perturbed by Dutch threats, particularly as the Americans obligingly stand between him and any attempt the Dutch might make to land men on Venezuelan territory. Holland has done and can do nothing. President Castro knows that. He will simply sit tight and instruct his Foreign Minister to write despatches putting on record the wrongs his country has suffered at the hands of intriguing and grasping Europeans. He is, of course, keenly anxious to be at peace with all the world, but on terms which civilised peoples do not recognise. And the United States to serve its own ends serves President Castro's.

Yet it is not so long since the United States itself had difficulties with Venezuela. Apropos, a story is told which must be taken for what it is worth. It is said that an American diplomat stationed at Caracas reported to his Government that his predecessor in office had committed grievous faults, had received bribes from claimants against Venezuela, and generally proved himself a scamp. In Washington the report came immediately under the notice of the gentleman concerned. He, in his turn, retaliated with similar charges against his successor. When Castro heard of the affair he is said to have argued: "Mr. X, who now represents the United States, alleges that Mr. Y is a scamp. Mr. Y, who used to represent them, alleges the same about Mr. X. As both gentlemen have held this high and responsible position, I must necessarily take it that they are both speaking the truth."

It was during the Venezuelan trouble in 1903 that Baron Speck von Sternburg came into prominence as a

diplomatist. His predecessor at Washington had apparently spoken his mind rather too freely about American pretensions, and Baron Speck von Sternburg's first duty was publicly to proclaim his belief in the sacredness of the Monroe doctrine. He was an Ambassador after the Americans' own hearts, and had the knack of being all things to all men. He played to the gallery, and was ever ready to oblige the newspaper reporter with confidences and views that explained little or nothing. It was a merit in the eyes of both Kaiser and President that he did so much to promote their friendly relations, but he did it by abstaining from those home truths which England too for a good many years now has not dared to utter in Washington, or of it.

It was kind of the King of Spain's hat—green felt it is always necessary to give every detail of these important matters—to blow off at this time of year when the papers are so badly grounded for want of news. This was a grand windfall. And King Alfonso was good enough not only to shed his hat but to run after it, and then even to get into a hansom. Here was a triple event for the descriptive reporter. Really it must be an intolerable bore to be a king in these days; not to be able to do the most natural thing in the world without drawing a crowd; not to speak of having your extremely ordinary performance telegraphed to all the world. The crowd meant well enough in gathering round King Alfonso and cheering him; but if they would think a little, they would see that it would be a much truer attention not to notice "Royalties" at all who are travelling as private persons.

A Sicilian Home Rule party has been organised. No doubt Sicily as an integral part of Italy is an idea of the nineteenth century against which centuries of history have protested, and which geography does not altogether countenance. Freeman wrote in the SATURDAY REVIEW in 1878: "Sicily looks on the map as a natural appendage to Italy. A very narrow strait separates them. But another glance may suggest whether the attitude of the peninsula and the island is exactly one of mutual attraction. The boot, or the leg within the boot, looks rather as if it were kicking the island away from it." The north-western cape of the island, he goes on to observe, looks directly towards Spain, and for many centuries, even to the middle of the nineteenth century, it might have been said that the whole tendency of modern history has been to connect it either with Spain or a Spanish royal family. Indeed

at no time between the fall of the Roman Empire and the invasion of Garibaldi could Sicily be said to have been an integral part of Italy.

Mulai Hafid has come out top-dog indeed. His decisive victory over Abd el Aziz outside Marakesch has justified doubts of the trustworthiness of recent information from Paris concerning Morocco. Abd el Aziz never even reached Marakesch, which he was said to have occupied. He advanced it is true, but he advanced to his own undoing. He was surprised at night, and at the first sign of his rival's advantage a large part of his forces deserted. Abd el Aziz is a fugitive, and the chances that he will rally any considerable body of followers with whom to continue the struggle is unlikely. From Fez to Tangier the whole country has declared for Mulai Hafid, and the only question now is how, and how soon, Europe will recognise him as Sultan. The sooner the better for the chances of order. Except in so far as she has enabled Abd el Aziz to keep up a show of authority in certain districts, France has failed to make any real impression on the situation. Her net achievement has been to delay the triumph of Mulai Hafid, and if she does not wish to get deeper into the mire she will arrange terms with him forthwith, unpalatable though the compact may be.

Observers of events in Constantinople are still praising the self-restraint and judgment of the Kiamil Cabinet. It argues much for the aged Pasha's influence that he has kept the ardent spirits well under control. He has before him a task exacting enough in organising a general election and preparing to direct a Parliament which shall not sink in the apathy and ridicule that quietly engulfed its Midhat predecessor. In the capital itself, no doubt, there are plenty of Young Turks, and old Turks too, who will accommodate themselves readily to democratic formulæ. The difficulty will begin when the farmers and peasants, who make the vast majority of the Sultan's subjects, are called upon to play their part in a game which they do not understand. The emissaries of the Reform party will, of course, be busy in educating the people. But is it to be supposed that the Sultan and the Palace will be altogether quiescent? The composition of the new assembly may be something of a surprise to the Liberators, nor can its future attitude be judged from the greeting which it will certainly give to the second birth of representative institutions. The oriental way of dealing with accomplished facts is to submit and undermine.

Meantime there is a full-blown education controversy in Macedonia. In the regenerated Empire which exists in their mind's eye the Young Turks wish their own language to prevail. They propose accordingly that, while bilingual teaching shall be permitted in regard to elementary lessons, the secondary instruction shall be given only in Turkish. Inasmuch as the existing institutions, such as they are, have been founded and kept up by one or other sect of Christians, it is not likely that the proposal made by the Committee of Union and Progress will be accepted. It is not merely a question of race or religion. In the new system it is certain that a good many public offices, hitherto dispensed by patronage, will be allotted according to so-called merit. It is here that the secondary education will tell. In any form of literary competition, given a fair start, the Greeks, Serbs, and Bulgarians will beat the Moslems. As office-seeking probably will for some time be the most profitable industry in Turkey, we may be sure that the Christians will cling to their present advantage.

In one respect can a good word be said for the education policy of the South African Governments—it is against undenominational religious teaching. But on the language question the Cape Ministry are more anti-English apparently than their fellows of the Orange River Colony, where a compromise of sorts has at least been agreed to. The effect of the education measures now being passed in both colonies will

be to place English once more at a discount. No step could be more retrograde or more likely to keep alive the racial difficulties which have been the curse of South Africa. The Taal is a poor apology for a language; its limited vocabulary has in no small degree been responsible for Boer narrow-mindedness, and encouragement to use it in preference to English means that the last remnant of advantage from the Boer war is being thrown away at the Cape as well as in the colonies to the north.

Because General Botha, at public banquets in England, and even in speeches at Pretoria prepared for exportation to London, has spoken tolerantly of the British Empire and affectingly of his loyalty to the Crown, it is sometimes assumed that he is quite a gentle kind of Boer, anxious to curb the violence of his Dopper and bitter-ender brethren. The secrets of his heart we do not presume to divine. But how can his secret tenderness for the imperial connexion be harmonised with his vicious outburst against the Milner administration? Its most obvious features were the expenditure of money (not provided by Boers) on education, railways, and roads, chiefly for the benefit of the up-country farmers. What seems to be the explanation is that the Dutch party smiled grimly when their leader used his soft tongue—so long as there was still something to be gained from the Imperial Government. But now that they are installed in power with a permanent race majority, have arranged for the £5,000,000 loan, and cleared out the British from the best berths, there is no longer any need for dissembling. General Botha is free to unpack his heart, and win the applause of his countrymen, alike for his past slininess and present frankness.

Who can help regretting, in a world which is being rapidly filled up with more utilitarian stocks, that the Irish and French races are either dwindling or stationary? In Ireland, however, the falling-off is apparent rather than real. The decline is limited to the Irish in Ireland, and there, if the hard economic truth must be told, they are still too numerous—more numerous than can be supported by agriculture. Outside industrial Ulster the greater part of the country is more or less a congested district. But in the United States and Australia the transplanted Irish stock is vigorously self-assertive. Very different is the case of France, where the various constituent races agree in one thing—they never emigrate. The one exception is French Canada, and there the habitants, though not otherwise a specially self-assertive people, increase and multiply. The misfortune is that they have produced few exemplars of the distinctively French genius, to make up for the growing infecundity of the parent tree.

Mr. Lloyd George seems to have had a very good time in Germany, improving his hours usefully and harmlessly. The fuss made about his visit's political significance was absurd. He has evidently been much impressed by the German system of state insurance against sickness and old age. There no doubt the contributory element works well, but it must be taken along with everything else German. It is part of a vast machine, which we have not, and probably could never make work here. More significant for all of us, perhaps, is Mr. Lloyd George's hankering after the state railways of Germany, which provide so much revenue. As Chancellor of the Exchequer he has to meet a declining income. Is his mind, casting about for new resources, turning to State railways? Let him remember that in Germany Government is more or less superior to parties. This sensibly lessens the danger from political corruption. Of course Mr. Lloyd George found abundant signs of bad times in Germany. Every free-trader finds Germany in a bad way, every tariff-reformer finds her prosperous.

Free-trade newspapers have been treating the report of Sir Francis Oppenheimer, the British Consul-General at Frankfort, as if it were a document wholly strengthening their case. Instead of its being this, there are many

points in it which will appear to the working classes to confirm much of what they have heard about the effect of the German tariff in improving wages. This indeed is the gravamen of Sir Francis Oppenheimer's charges. One of his instances is of factories transferred to the United Kingdom because the workmen's wages are at the present moment considerably lower in England than in Germany. This is a curious kind of support for free trade. Have the "Daily Chronicle" and the "Westminster Gazette" forgotten that they have always maintained that British workmen's wages were higher than the Germans' as a consequence of free trade?

It is true Sir Francis Oppenheimer discounts this advantage by dwelling on the increased cost of provisions and other things. We have heard before of black bread and dog-sausages pointing free-trade arguments at elections. But the report shows clearly enough that after all the German workman is relatively better off. There is actually a complaint of his greater "luxury" and his disinclination to work as hard as he used to do. The scarcity of labour has made the working man independent, says the report in so many words. Indeed the whole report is a wail on behalf of the manufacturers who find workmen doing too well and taking things too easily, and on behalf of the non-producing classes with fixed salaries and incomes whose expenses of living are higher. We must admit this is a disadvantage of the German tariff; and very probably also the higher prices are due partly to the workmen being larger purchasers than they would be if less prosperous. But are English free-traders going to urge English workmen to support free trade because it is shown that German workmen have gained more by the tariff than the German manufacturers and the non-producing classes? Balaam, in the person of Sir Francis Oppenheimer, from the point of view of the workmen, does not curse but bless the German tariff system.

A move in the right direction is the formation of a Russian section of the London Chamber of Commerce, but it is only a move. Mr. D. J. Morgan, at Wednesday's meeting, did not exaggerate when he said that the "potentialities" of Russia were "amazing". Everyone who has given attention to the subject knows perfectly well that there are vast and almost virgin fields to be worked in the dominions of the Tsar. The tendency is for most of the business to go to Germany and France. English trade with Russia is non-progressive when it is not actually declining. Of course there is the usual talk about English ignorance of the Russian language and the refusal of the English merchant to do what the Russians want. These obstacles, so far as they are real, the Russian section may do much to remove, but there are other things than ignorance and obstinacy operating against British trade. Germany has the advantage of a fiscal policy which enables her to give something for something. The Russians sell to England and buy from Germany.

It is too early yet to despair of the situation in Lancashire, serious though the prospect be. The first note in response to the masters' decision that wages must be reduced by 5 per cent. or the mills closed is one of absolute refusal. As the Oldham cardroom workers represent a very large proportion of the operatives engaged in the cotton industry their lead may be followed, but the full ballot cannot be known until the end of the coming week. If the employers' proposals are rejected there is only one chance left to avert a conflict ruinous to Lancashire and disastrous to many other industries in the country. A conference between the leaders might provide a way out of the difficulty, and such a conference is regarded as unlikely unless the Board of Trade intervenes. Mr. Churchill must be watching events with more than public concern. If official action has to be taken, he is the man to take it, and the time for action will be the eve of his wedding-day.

The Unionists of the Tradeston Division (Glasgow) have decided not to demand Mr. Cameron Corbett's

resignation. If Mr. Corbett is really a Unionist in all other points, his attitude towards the Licensing Bill may perhaps reasonably be overlooked. But Conservatives may well have doubts about him. He must be watched narrowly; he must not be allowed to use an Opposition seat for the benefit of the Government. We would not say that always a member who is not in agreement with one of the main lines of his party's policy is bound in honour to make way for others who are; but he ought to recognise that he is in a peculiar position. He is, to use an idiom of the Courts, "in mercy". If he is required to resign, he cannot complain. Generally, to resign is much the straightest, fairest thing he can do. Mr. Cameron Corbett elects to hang on. His future will be watched with much curiosity. If in the end he goes over, some light will be thrown on the game he is now playing.

Sir H. R. Fairfax-Lucy has followed the straight course and left the Unionist Free Trade Club. He frankly recognises that the attitude of the Unionist Free Traders is retarding Unionist work and tends "to veil the true position of affairs". His conversion has been hastened by Mr. Balfour's later speeches and Mr. Lloyd George's helpless confession that new sources of taxation are difficult to discover. Sir H. R. Fairfax-Lucy now sees that "a policy of Fiscal Reform moderately conceived and executed with forethought" would be as good for the working classes of Great Britain as for the future of the empire. The Chancellor of the Exchequer's flippant admission that he was looking around for hen-roosts to rob has had an effect in many quarters which was not intended. Some of the more knowing of the birds have taken the hint and are changing their quarters.

The Cavalry Manceuvres of the week have been important. It is a healthy sign that despite the oft-repeated assertion so loudly chorussed after the war in South Africa that the days of Cavalry are numbered and that sword and lance are "old ironmongery", we should read daily of charges being delivered. According to the newspaper reports Sir Ian Hamilton tactfully reminded his listeners how only nine years ago when he was in command of a brigade on Salisbury Plain the Cavalry, under Lord Wolseley's flaccid régime, had no idea of their duties in war. The garrulous author of the "Staff Officer's Scrap Book" has had to eat his own words often enough as to the value of Cavalry, but those who recall his loudly expressed views at one time of his career will be amused that he now claims credit for improvements, many of which have been effected in the teeth of his advice and despite his opposition.

In the variety of clues discovered by the newspapers there is at present nothing to throw light on the Sevenoaks murder. Most perversely the local police have been blamed for not preventing the crime and forthwith detecting the fugitive. Such criticisms can only be written by Cockneys. What befell Mrs. Luard is no more than may happen to anybody who lives in a sparsely peopled district and walks alone in a secluded park or wood. That such violent offences are rare is simply because as a rule nobody in the country wears jewellery or carries money enough to tempt a professional desperado. The common footpad does not carry a revolver—it is a pawnable article. Besides, the business is risky. For in country districts every stranger is observed and, more or less, suspected. Unless he is decently clad, and has money to take the train, he is not likely long to evade the rustic hue and cry. If the murderer of Mrs. Luard was a well-found criminal of the professional class, he had some other purpose in lurking about the wood than to waylay an elderly lady on the chance of plundering her trinkets.

The librarians in congress this week at Brighton have agreed that something should be done to check public institutions from sinking into mere agencies for circulating trashy and ephemeral novels. If effect be given to their views, they must be prepared to face a

heavy fall in their returns of books lent, for with the great majority of their young patrons it is fiction or nothing. On this text it would be easy to sermonise—especially to argue that public money should not be spent upon what is at best an innocuous way of killing time. But the text is stale—nobody listens. There also appears to be a certain demand for the more sentimental kind of poetry. This, again, is not an uplifting of the young generation. But we may as well make up our minds that very little real advance, either in character or intellect, is to be expected from what is called the spread of education. We teach boys and girls their letters, and they respond by asking for "something to read"—the easier the better.

How can anyone look for diversion in fiction nowadays when he can find stories a hundred times as interesting in the unveiling of the past which is now going on in Crete, in Egypt, in Asia? What novel can give a human interest comparable with suddenly being brought face to face with the actual things used in the common life of people who lived five thousand years ago? Think of finding in the Queen's Apartments at Knossos in Crete the bathroom with "a small terracotta bath tub, standing much as it was left some three and a half millenniums back". Archaeology is becoming so intensely human as almost to lose its awe. There used to be something akin to eeriness in discovering traces of men and women so long ago. One felt that they must be very different beings from us. Now we see how much, how entirely, they were the same. Dr. Evans is producing by far the greatest realistic story of the day.

The new Franz Hals was bought at a great price—£25,000—but on the whole the Trustees seem to be justified in making the purchase. It strengthens a weak place in the National Gallery, and the opportunity which offered had to be taken. It is well that the Government are willing to give half of the money. British Governments are so extremely niggardly in matters of art that quite small mercies can count on copious thanks. It will be unfortunate if the annual grant to the National Gallery is absorbed for some time to come in paying off the balance. Private donors will surely relieve the gallery of its difficulties. Is the National Art Collections Fund going to move?

The county cricket season is almost over. The thought gives one strength to endure through the rest of it. Yorkshire is champion: everyone knows that now. Who can take any interest in the dregs of the season after the championship is settled? The cricket may be interesting to watch, of course. That is a matter for the small number who are able to go to the matches. But to the vast majority the county cricket season means the halfpenny papers and nothing more. One can stand "Close of Play", "Bowlers' Wicket", "Somebody's Century" and "Somebody Else's Duck" for a few weeks, but when this has been filling the streets from May-day to the end of August, rational human nature rebels. The passion for cricket statistics—the figures of batsmen and bowlers' records—in the thousands who have never played a game and never hope to play, and could not if they did hope to, is—well, it is impossible to get low enough down to understand it.

On Wednesday we saw in the papers that Sir Eyre Massey Shaw had died. Who was Sir Eyre Massey Shaw? How many could say? But tell them that Captain Shaw had died and they knew in a moment. It is doubtful kindness to eclipse a familiar name with an honour. To all but the very young Captain Shaw's name is a household word. Somehow he invested the Fire Brigade with a sort of romance. He was a popular name to those who never knew him; a London hero, quite. Society liked him, and "everybody" knew him, and he "everybody". This was in the Gilbert and Sullivan period. Who does not remember the deft little tribute to Captain Shaw when in "Iolanthe" instead of "O foolish fay" "O Captain Shaw" was sung?

THE IRREPRESSIBLE CASTRO.

PRESIDENT CASTRO of Venezuela again holds the stage. It is Holland's turn this time. The whys and the wherefores are complex and entangled, as matters Venezuelan, more especially under the Castro régime, are wont to be. The Dutch complain of ill-treatment of all sorts meted out to their subjects by the arbitrary Castro Government, of the ruin to the trade of their West Indian colonies by Venezuelan official measures, dating several years back, and finally of gross violation of international courtesy, verging on insult to their diplomatic representative, who had been uncereemoniously handed his papers, with the request that he should vacate Venezuelan territory forthwith.

This is, *mutatis mutandis*, a repetition of the story of a few years ago when the French diplomatic representative at Caracas was equally uncereemoniously dismissed. The French Government then, even as the Dutch Government now, was greatly annoyed; there was talk of blockade, whispers of invasion, orders given to men-of-war to prepare for a protracted and aggressive cruise on the Caribbean along the Venezuelan coast, and much comment as to what the United States would allow and as to what, in the exercise of their paternal solicitude for the liberty and independence of the Latin-American nations, they would and would not tolerate. Matters, however, subsided in due course, the days, the weeks and the months acted as a balm upon the wounded spirit of French pride, which had to content itself by retaliation. The Venezuelan *Chargé d'Affaires* was ousted from France; and the world forgot the incident. It was very much as in the case of the Spanish popular ditty, describing the action of a vain braggart: "He set his hat firmly upon his head, his hand upon the pommel of his sword, he spat viciously sideways, looked most fiercely around him, and . . . walked away without any further ado." In connexion with these events, it is to be remembered that the cantankerousness of Castro has in its turn been displayed towards the United States itself on more than one occasion, as well as to Germany, Italy and England. The joint naval demonstration of these three Powers at the close of 1902 achieved some result, as it brought about a settlement of certain pending debts. Ostensibly it was undertaken for the purpose of coercing Venezuela to pay her debts to German, Italian and English subjects; the whole thing was said to be engineered by the German Government. It is believed, notwithstanding the avowed reasons given at the time, that the real object of the undertaking, on the part of its principal promoter, was to test the elasticity of the Monroe doctrine. Germany, it is supposed, wanted to ascertain the possibility of acquiring territory either on the mainland, or, preferably, the rich and fertile island of Margarita, to satisfy her longings for Colonial expansion. But at this moment the United States became excited and stepped in, claiming that the Monroe doctrine would not allow of any landing of forces, nor of any permanent occupation of territory. The fleets withdrew after a few desultory bombardments of practically defenceless seaports, the sinking of a few obsolete small craft constituting the Venezuelan navy, and the killing of a few helpless Venezuelans on board of the sunken ships and ashore. In this retrospect one should not forget that a German man-of-war, the "Panther", was prevented from entering the lake of Maracaibo through the plucky action of a Venezuelan captain, who, with a gun of ancient description, but with a most modern aim, induced the courageous German commander, after two fruitless attempts, in each of which his hull received a cannon shot, to turn his course northwards again, to the open sea.

In the present instance the Dutch Government—so the ever truthful and well-informed daily newspapers inform us—have received permission from the United States to blockade the Venezuelan ports, but have been forbidden to invade the territory, and consequently to seize any portion of it. This prohibition is as superfluous as might be the injunction to a private individual, on allowing him to walk up and down in front of the lions at the foot of the Nelson monument in Trafalgar Square, not to take them home with him.

upon his shoulders. And the reason is obvious. The invasion of Venezuela would be no mean task for a great military Power, and as for the Dutch it is absolutely beyond their power. The invasions of small countries, as recent history shows, are apt to become most unpleasant and painfully surprising undertakings to the powerful; the experience of the Americans in the Philippine Islands, of England in South Africa, and of the French in Madagascar and Morocco is to the point.

In his differences from the United States Castro has scored. Amongst the principal motives of contention was the dispute about certain asphalt lakes or deposits, in which American citizens claimed to have been flagrantly defrauded of their rights by the Venezuelan despot. An enterprising American periodical sent a well-known American journalist to Venezuela to make an independent investigation of the questions at issue. Mr. Richard Harding Davis, who was selected for the performance of the task, reported in his articles, which were published in New York, that it was not a quarrel between honest and upright Americans and a rascally Government. According to him rascality, in all possible shapes and forms, was rampant on both sides, and the black pitch of the lake, he said, had besmeared not only the Venezuelan Government and its officials, but many Americans in all walks of life, social and political, merchants, bankers, promoters, members of Congress, and even higher personages. After threats that went as far as the announcement of an ultimatum, the anger of the White House subsided; later on diplomatic relations between the two countries were suspended, and whatever the intentions of Mr. Root and Mr. Roosevelt may be, Castro still reigns unmolested and undaunted, as the Dutch incident clearly demonstrates.

The Venezuelan explanation of the surprising tameness of the American Government in the asphalt disputes with Venezuela, and of a similar spirit of forbearance on the part of the French Government in its dispute about the Franco-Venezuelan cable, is that Castro holds documents that would fix most unsavoury responsibilities on influential American and French politicians. *Hinc illae lacrimae*. Some Dutch official has been reported as saying that the time has come to decide whether Castro or the outraged conscience of the civilised world is to prevail. That is the rub. Who is to bell the cat, even in the absence of the pretended damning documents held by Castro? The rivalries and antagonisms of interests and ambitions amongst the Great Powers, and the touchiness of the United States in all matters affecting Latin America, are a bulwark of protection for Castro, who knows wherein his own strength lies, and acts accordingly.

As regards his own people it is to be assumed that they are not happy. Castro is a despot, and as irresponsible and unscrupulous as ever despot was. He maintains some semblance of constitutional government in the outward form. The country is divided into federal sections, so-called sovereign states, as is the United States of America; there are State Legislatures and a National Congress, but there is no Governor of a state, nor member of the Legislatures or of the Congress, either in the Upper or the Lower House, who dares call his soul his own, and all parliamentary action either in the sections or in the National Assembly is characterised by a most suspicious unanimity. With Castro, as with his various fellow despots in the neighbouring countries, the exercise of public power is a personal business for personal ends. All the industries that are susceptible of it are converted into grinding monopolies, which are given to the favourites and accomplices in the work of spoliation, and the rights thus granted are violated whenever it suits Castro's convenience, even though they be held by foreigners, as was proved by the recent repeal of the match and salt monopolies owned in England. The result of all this to the welfare of the people may be easily imagined; yet the people can do nothing: they are absolutely helpless, for Castro has the army with him, and the army is the one decisive element of government in countries like Venezuela.

We will mention one more anomaly in this tangle of incomprehensible social and political conditions. It is

true that Castro is hated by the people of Venezuela; it is true that at home the slightest sign of discontent, or of remonstrance, would be heavily punished; it is true that the only newspapers allowed are those that sing exclusively hymns of praise of Castro, of his greatness, of his ability, of his magnanimity; yet, were Venezuela attacked in earnest by a foreign Power, Castro would at once find himself acclaimed as the hero of the national defence. What is to be the end of it all?

THE FRENCH IN MOROCCO.

THE crushing defeat of Abd el Aziz places the French in an extremely ridiculous position. They have now been encroaching upon Morocco for a long period with the obvious intention of reducing the empire to a subordinate position similar to that of Tunis or Algeria. It was to set the seal upon their Mediterranean supremacy and round off their sphere of influence in Africa. Of course they talked very glibly about their civilising mission, but no one was deceived. The support of their friends and the intrigues of their rivals were alike directed to the possibility of a protectorate, and no one heeded pompous phrases or dramatic assertions of disinterestedness. Accordingly from every point of view the defeat of Abd el Aziz now means the defeat of France, perhaps even in Moorish eyes the defeat of Europe. The French pretext for invading Morocco was the restoration of order and the protection of Europeans. Their method of attaining this laudable end was to support the unpopular and discredited Sultan. He has now collapsed so lamentably that all the French horses and all the French men are quite incapable of ever setting him up again. And the result is an apparent pacification with a promise of safety for the European population immediately following the failure of French methods.

It has meanwhile been made clear that all notions of subjugating Morocco must be abandoned. Ten thousand men have been engaged for a long period in fruitless operations in the neighbourhood of the coast. All their efforts have failed to make a serious impression upon the sturdy highlanders, who have established their right to choose their own sovereign in the face of foreign interference. The public opinion, really the newspaper press, of Europe acclaims the deliverance of Turkey from foreign advice, and it would be only logical to apply the same train of thought to Morocco. No doubt France is hesitating to admit her failure, and is taking refuge in her position as the representative of Europe in order to delay the recognition of the new Sultan. The French press is asserting that Abd el Aziz has been discredited and held up to undeserved ridicule by German agents; on the other hand, that Mulai Hafid has only succeeded by rallying the discontented and uncivilised elements in the empire, and that he will lose his popularity so soon as he attempts to collect taxes and establish a settled form of government.

No doubt there are difficulties in front of him—difficulties largely due to French interference. But he has already surmounted so many obstacles, and exhibited himself in so favourable a light as a man of resource, courage, and moderation, that there is every reason to augur well of his future. No doubt it will be required of him that he shall accept the terms of the Algeciras Act and satisfy Europe as to his friendly intentions. According to the reports of correspondents, he has already expressed himself in a satisfactory sense, and the only ground for suspicion is to be discerned in the turbulence of tribesmen and the survival of fanaticism. These dangers, however, are far smaller in the presence of a strong ruler who knows his own mind and has won the respect of his subjects in the field. Even the most warlike men may be brought to realise the prudence of a conciliatory policy, and, though the time may not yet have come for the development of Morocco by means of railways and banks and similar expressions of civilisation, many material advantages and a respite from the everlasting clash of arms may be secured by a few concessions to European prejudices. What we are accustomed to call fanaticism among the Moors amounts after all to little more than a passionate patriotism which finds expression in a jealousy of

foreign intrusion. This is fortified by a religious faith of intense force, amounting often to primitive intolerance. But it should not be impossible to convince the Moors that neither their independence nor their religion is threatened, and that it will be worth their while to live on terms of friendship with their neighbours.

That the French are precisely the right people to convey this message has not been made clear. Their not unnatural desire to appropriate portions of Moorish territory exposes them more particularly than any other people to the suspicion of the Moors. Moreover, their repeated failures in attempts at colonisation reveal them as anything but ideal negotiators with a dusky race. They have not the knack of entering into the point of view of a different civilisation, and their errors of tact are certain to cause incessant friction. The French have their own, entirely their own, ideas of liberty, equality and fraternity at home, but they have never succeeded in giving any meaning to the words when dealing with native races. A comparison between British and French Somaliland will illustrate our point. At Berbera or Zaila the natives are respectful, well behaved and contented. Proceed a few miles further up the coast to Jibuti and you will find men of the selfsame race, even of the very same tribes, insolent, dishonest and mutinous. This difference is simply and solely due to the fact that the British know and the French do not know how to manage natives. And if the French have failed so conspicuously with so elementary a type as the Somali, how can they expect to succeed in pacifying the Moor? We have always said the Act of Algeciras was a mistake, and that the only hope of a satisfactory settlement in Morocco is to be found in the selection of another emissary of European civilisation. The policy of Europe, which has accepted the somewhat sudden and surprising call of "Turkey for the Turks", must go a little further and accustom itself to the sound of "Morocco for the Moors". No doubt it is irritating to find that they persist in rejecting our ideas of development, that they leave their precious metals undisturbed in the ground, and that they have not yet opened their markets to trade rum. But after all, *ils sont chez eux*. If they despise the blessings of Birmingham and Manchester, the loss is their own. If they prefer a manly patriot to a degenerate youth as their ruler, we have no right to interfere. And even if we had the right, is it quite clear that we have the power?

THE CONGO BARGAIN.

THE Belgian Parliament has prepared a code of laws for the regulation of its colonial affairs. This code was considered by the Chamber at the same time as the treaty for the annexation of the Congo. At the last moment of its discussion a clause was introduced into it providing for what is called on the Continent a separation of goods. Belgium, while accepting the Congo, and taking over its property, refuses, under this clause, to be responsible for its debts, either those already incurred, or those which may be incurred in future. The clause was proposed by M. Woeste, leader of the Belgian Catholics. The Government opposed its adoption, and when its opposition was overborne, all those who are not behind the scenes in Belgian political life, and many who think themselves behind them, looked on the resignation of the Cabinet as certain. Cabinet Ministers themselves spoke of resignation, but the matter had not been made a Cabinet question, and King Leopold, who rushed back from the Ardennes the moment he was informed of what had passed to instruct his Ministers, put a speedy end to any likelihood of a quarrel between the Cabinet and the majority which was prepared to vote the treaty. The Council at which the attitude of the Government was decided on was presided over by King Leopold at the Palace of Brussels. It was summoned so hurriedly that the Ministers attending it were given no time for luncheon. When it broke up the Chamber was sitting, and as the members of the Cabinet made their way across the park from the Palace to the Chamber, one of the Ministry replied to a journalist who interrogated him about the crisis,

"Monsieur, the sitting continues". There was no crisis, no resignation. Otherwise, according to custom there would have been a quarter of an hour's adjournment to allow the Cabinet to prepare a statement. Before the Chamber rose the ratification of the treaty of annexation was voted and the Colonial Law was passed.

M. Woeste's amendment was not intended to please King Leopold, but it did so. The King was content to see the Congo Colony start clear at the moment of its creation. He wishes the Congo companies well. The Woeste clause secures their safety. Since Belgium refuses monetary aid, the companies must be upheld, so that the interest on the Congo loans may be paid, as heretofore, out of the dividends the State draws from them. The interest on the Congo loans is something over four millions of francs; the dividends paid on the State's shares in the Congo companies amount to about the same sum. There is nothing else to look to for the interest. All the other sources of revenue open now to the Congo Government, or likely to be available within the next few years, are needed for the expenses of government. With reform expenses must increase and revenue decrease. Up to the present the Congo revenue has been drawn chiefly from the exploitation of the Crown lands and the Labour tax. The Labour tax cannot be maintained. Forced labour, whatever name be given to it, must be abolished. Its abolition will hit the companies; the institution of cash payments and a real grant of the right of free trade to the natives would ruin them. That ruin a self-supporting Congo cannot at present afford. Therefore the reforms will be introduced cautiously; or, in other words, as slowly as possible, much though Belgium may desire them; unless Belgium changes her mood, and shows herself prepared to make some sacrifice, and provide for deficit now, in order to secure the Congo's welfare. Immense profits in the future, from mines and other undeveloped sources of riches, are counted on, but few Belgian parliamentarians are inclined to risk anything. No one speaks now of philanthropy in Belgium. How to avoid loss is the sole topic in connexion with the Congo.

King Leopold's interest in the Congo companies cannot be disguised. The Congo State held sixty million francs worth of these shares. In all, one hundred and seventy million francs of private capital was invested. None of this is in the King's name. He holds no shares in the companies, but amongst those holding founders' shares, or acting as directors of the Congo companies, the names appear again and again of King Leopold's lawyers, his agents, his bankers, and his doctors. On the eve of the signing of the treaty of annexation the King granted prospecting and mining rights over about three hundred thousand acres of the Congo. King Leopold's German legal adviser was one of those to whom his most recent concessions were made.

In the long negotiations which they have carried on for the annexation of the Congo the members of the Belgian Cabinet cannot be blamed for weakness. They have gained more than they ceded. They have well performed an unenviable task. They have had to bargain, for Belgium, with the King of the Belgians, who, even when making claims as sovereign of the Congo, protested it was he who was acting in Belgium's interest, and insisted that all his demands were for the good of Belgium. Despite his protests, the Ministers beat down the King's demands. Backed by the Parliament they succeeded, and in the end King Leopold accepted in exchange for his Congo sovereignty a grant which is a mere nothing compared with his original demands. Belgium has not made a bad bargain.

"SHE" v. SPARROWS.

WHEN the poet sang that great effects from small causes do spring, in his fine frenzy his eye must have rolled forward through time to the year 1908 and through space to Ditchingham and to Printing House Square, London, E.C. At Ditchingham we find the prime cause, and in Printing House Square the

ultimate effect. Mr. H. Rider Haggard was waked too early one morning by the chirruping of some sparrows. This was on 15 August, and he at once ordered his "under-gardener" to remove all the sparrows' nests to be found on the premises. Lucky novelist, that can afford an under-gardener; many a poor toiler has to be content with a simple gardener, and in some specially pathetic cases only the part of one's time. The under-gardener did his duty, and on 16 August Mr. Haggard remarked with dismay that the sparrows had begun building again. He immediately discovered that sparrows were destroying his crops wholesale. On 18 August he exploded in the "Times" with stupefying effect. And as the vibration caused by the explosion of one parcel of dynamite in a factory will set off many other parcels until the building is pulverised, so Mr. Haggard's detonation has caused many country gentlemen to explode in letters also, and none can predict the end. Day after day correspondents are letting themselves off in furious denunciations not only of the particular sinner who disturbed Mr. Haggard, but of the whole race of sparrows. We had no idea that so intense a latent hatred of sparrows and rats slept in so many country houses, nor that the sparrow was so wicked a bird as he is now described. He has the insolence to hover about in too large numbers, to begin with. He has increased enormously during the last twenty years: "the district", says Mr. Haggard, "is literally alive with them". The old sparrow-clubs have perished; and the farmers won't co-operate to suppress the nuisance. In a positive wail Mr. Haggard cries "the damage done by these voracious birds is incalculable"; but another correspondent declares it to be calculable, and works it out at £15,000,000 a year—a frightful figure. Well, this is the silly season, and the "Times", in its struggle to establish a new reputation, seems determined to be as silly as the rest. But the "Times" correspondence is not merely silly: it is a humiliating revelation of sheer animal ferocity, brutality and bestiality combined with very human blockheadism.

In an article on 19 August the "Times" explains the objects of the Incorporated Society for the Destruction of Vermin. Sir James Crichton Browne is the president of this body, which is preparing a Bill for the consideration of Parliament. This Bill is aimed principally at rats: no mention is made of sparrows. But the secretary, Mr. A. E. Moore, talks of getting the Bill prepared, and in the meantime forming rat and sparrow clubs. He makes the inevitable appeal for funds. Three hundred pounds are wanted at once to form these clubs and to offer prizes. It is not clear whether the design is to make use of the sparrow-haters in getting rid of rats or the rat-haters in slaughtering sparrows; but this much is clear—that the society is prepared to pay one penny per ten rats slain and has no scale of payment with regard to sparrows. The manager of the "Ratin Laboratory", which sells a medicine which spreads a plague amongst rats and kills them off by the thousand, offers a subscription towards the formation of rat and sparrow clubs, but says nothing about sparrows. All these gentlemen complain that the Board of Agriculture will do nothing; but on 21 August Mr. Claude Leatham wrote that "the Board of Agriculture" in its leaflet, No. 84, "lays down the most excellent rules for the formation of rat and sparrow clubs". And the Board of Agriculture, it should be added, while stating that "public opinion" was adverse to sparrows, absolutely declines to help in attacks on them. On 25 August a Mr. Oliver Anketell gave a highly pleasing account of his way of discouraging sparrows. He built a sort of house for their accommodation, containing all manner of comforts and modern conveniences—all that the most querulous and exacting sparrow could wish for. He thus tempted the birds from far and wide to come and breed there; then he stole from his dwelling after dark when the sparrows were asleep, locked them in and dropped his trap into a pond—young and old alike "perished miserably", says he. This device he found efficacious, he adds; and we have no reason to doubt him. So pleased was he with it and himself that he wrote to the "Times" patting himself on the back. We congratulate him.

Few men would dare to tell of such an unsportsmanlike and barbarous proceeding; it has hitherto been our good fortune never to meet anyone sufficiently brutal to glory in such a feat. He kills not only the birds that may or may not be a nuisance to him, but entices them from the whole surrounding country. Need it be said that this gentleman is an American? He repeated his operation "day by day"—so evidently sparrows breed fast in America. In this country they seldom or never lay and hatch an egg in one day. Frankly, we should be glad to hear of Mr. Anketell being tempted into such a box by the particular luxuries that would attract him, and of the box being held under water for a few minutes while Mr. Anketell considered the matter again from another point of view.

Sparrows are selected, we shall be told, because of the harm they do to crops. One correspondent, Mr. F. Formby Back, remembers with a sort of joy assisting Major Russell forty years ago to open the crops of "many hundreds" of sparrows; and they found ninety-five per cent. of the contents to be good grain, with only a small percentage of little caterpillars and the seeds of weeds. This is a particularly dunderheaded argument. The birds were killed just when grain was most easily obtainable. How many crops of birds are full of grain during the months when the other crops are shooting up, and what do the sparrows eat then? And how many farmers find their crops too sparsely sown because of the depredations of sparrows? Our answer is that no farmer finds any such thing, and that the small amount of ripe grain the birds eat has been fairly earned by the insect and weed destroying work the birds have done at other times. Mr. Moore, the secretary of that Vermin Destroying Society, had not the slightest right to commit the society as he did. Sir J. Crichton Browne, the president, says sparrows are useful in eating the seeds of harmful weeds and insects' eggs and that they are good fly-catchers. He thinks simple voluntary means of keeping down excessive numbers will be found sufficient. On 24 August Mr. R. Boelter, a member of the committee of management of the society, wrote: "The case against the sparrow is looked upon by the society at this stage as incomplete. . . . All that is known against this bird is that in some parts of the country it has developed into a very serious pest, and then only at certain periods of the year. On the other hand, there is no manner of doubt that the sparrow renders services by destroying large numbers of injurious insects. . . . As to the action to be taken afterwards by the society against the sparrow, that must, or course, depend upon the evidence to be produced against this bird." In fact, all the sane controversialists are in favour of investigating the charge against the sparrow, and collecting and sifting evidence, before proceeding recklessly to his extermination.

It seems hard, indeed, that Mr. Haggard should be deprived of ever so small a part of that sweet and joyous slumber which his writings have so often afforded to others; but he really appears to have sent up his caterwaulings to the stars a little too soon. As for Mr. Anketell, we hope some of the societies for preventing the destruction of wild birds will take notice of his confession. And as for Mr. F. F. Back, we think nothing of the opinions of a man who recalls with pleasure the disgusting spectacle of birds laid open by the hundred to prove that they eat grain when grain is there to be eaten. We believe the sparrow pays its way, earns its living. One writer points out that after the siege of Paris, when all the birds had been frightened away or eaten, the city was visited by an Egyptian plague of insects and flies; and if the Haggards, Anketells and Backs had their way we might have the same thing in England. If, of course, the sparrow is proved to do more harm than good he must go, or at any rate he must be thinned. Much as we love wild birds, we cannot expect particular farmers to pay out of their pockets while we enjoy the singing. It may be that the special scavenging and purifying work done by sparrows can be done by more modern means that commit no depredations. Bears proved useful to eat the children who mocked Elisha; but nowadays we keep down the bears and would refer prophets with a grievance to the police-courts. But the sparrow has

not yet been superseded. If he is too abundant, let him be killed for food. He is excellent eating, and commonly sold (as larks) at a high price in the London restaurants. Farmers can keep thinning him down and eating him in sufficient quantities to make it worth while losing a little grain, regarding it simply as bait. The main danger, as Mr. H. S. Salt says, of a general licence to kill sparrows would be the wholesale indiscriminate massacre that would follow. For more than fifty years those that love bird-life have been teaching and even fighting to preserve it. Boys have been taught the cruelty and stupidity of killing every bird they see; collectors have been discouraged from destroying rare species. It would be a foul sin to set back the clock before it has been shown that farmers have been ruined, or, indeed, suffered any loss whatever. And a last word as to giving prizes for rats' tails and (presumably) sparrows' heads. In Denmark they pay a penny apiece for rats' tails; and it has been found that breeding is easier and more remunerative than catching, as in India it has been found to pay very well to breed snakes.

THE CITY.

THE stock markets are fairly bubbling over with good spirits, and the City editors of the great dailies are in despair. It seems incredible, but the foolish, gullible public, in the teeth of the warnings of the financial editor of the "Morning Post", are actually buying the "poker chips" of the Yankee market, and the "gambling counters" of the Kaffir circus. A terrible fate is predicted for those who buy "utter rubbish like Southern Pacifics" (see the "Morning Post", City article), or trash like Apex or Modders. Nevertheless, Southern Pacifics have touched 104, as people who knew something about them prophesied nearly four years ago, Union Pacifics are dancing about 164, and Canadian Pacifics, in which there was a big bear account six months ago when they were at 148, are over 180. It may well be that it is difficult to justify this rise on present earnings; but things change very quickly in Canada and the United States, where business men are sanguine and energetic. The immediate prospects, that is, the outlook for the coming autumn, are considered to be very promising. The Canadian Pacific crowd are in high fettle just now: having cast their bread upon the waters they are beginning to find it, after many days. Mexican Light, Heat and Power have rolled up to 80 (the common stock, that is, of \$100 denomination), Montreal Light, Heat and Power, and Shawinigan Water and Power are also booming. Any of the stocks of this particular group of Canadian financiers may safely be bought now for a rise. But the pick of their basket is undoubtedly the stock that is known as "Soo Common". The Minneapolis, S. Paul and Sault (pronounced Soo) S. Marie Railway has just issued through Messrs. Sperling \$700,000 preferred stock at \$145 for \$100 stock, which is equivalent to £20 at £29 15s. 11d. The stock is a 7 per cent. preference, and is entitled, after the common stock has paid a dividend of 7 per cent., to divide the surplus equally. Soo Preferred are already quoted at 152, 7 points over the issue price, but Soo Common is the best purchase at anything under 130. Soo Common only paid a dividend of 4 per cent. in 1907, but it earned 19 per cent., and as it declared an interim dividend of 3 on 15 April last it is only reasonable to suppose that it will pay another 3 on 15 October. But the market is going for a higher dividend than that. Some say it will pay 4 in October, and some say it will pay 6. As it must pay more than 7 to enable the preferred to participate, it is not unlikely that it will pay 5 per cent. in October, which of course would send Soo Common up to 150. It may be mentioned that the Canadian Pacific Railway hold 51 per cent. of the stock. Quite as good a speculation in the foreign railway market is Antofagasta Deferred at 135, as it is quite probable that the line will pay a dividend at the rate of 10 per cent. in January. The Antofagasta traffic increase of £2,600 this week was very satisfactory. Brighton A's are being tipped by the bucket-shops; but it looks rather like a case of "puff

and sell". We do not know enough about the stock to recommend it. Buenos Ayres and Pacifics and Rosario continue to report fine traffic increases, and are still under-valued.

In the South African market, it is an embarrassment of riches. The difficulty for the speculator is to choose his stock. For the next six weeks we do not think it very much matters what a man buys: the market is determined to rise. Apex at 4 is the best gamble, perhaps, for these shares have stood at 11: the property is large and valuable, if undeveloped, and there is always the coal, apart from the gold, to fall back upon. East Rands, which can still be bought to pay nearly 10 per cent., strike us as the best investment; but Rand Mines, Modderfonteins, Robinson Gold, Knights, Knights Deep, Robinson Deep, Robinson Central Deep, are all good purchases. Heriots and Wolhuters have suddenly burst into favour upon "new developments"; but how far these have been already discounted by the recent rise we cannot say. Ferreiras pay 300 per cent. and stand at 13; and Crown Reef pays 200 per cent. and stands at 10, or just under. The return from these properties is of course temptingly high, over 25 per cent. in the one case and 20 per cent. in the other. But the lives of these mines are put at four or five years, so that they are at about their proper price. Amongst new deep levels, which are coming on, Cinderella Deep and Modder Deep are very promising; and of shares at a discount, City and Suburban, £4 shares at £2, seems one of the most attractive. Johannesburg Consolidated Investment has a very large reserve fund, and land which some day will be valuable for building; but the shares have been sadly nursed for many weary years in all the provincial cities, like Bradford and Manchester and Birmingham, and every rise of a shilling brings out sellers from all the corners of the kingdom. Therefore these shares are not likely to rise rapidly; and besides, the Barnato shop is now out of favour. Shares not to be bought are Welgedacht, Kaffirs Consolidated, Oceanas, and New Africans.

ENGLISH PORTRAITS.

By LAURENCE BINYON.

IT touches imagination to remember that the portrait of Philip Sidney was painted by Paolo Veronese. Sidney knew both Veronese and Tintoret in Venice, and sat to Tintoret in order that he might send the picture as a gift to his friend Languet at Frankfurt. The portrait is lost, at least to view and recognition. Yet what would we not give to recover it? In these days of specialised research one can imagine some enthusiast making the quest of such a picture his career. He might do worse. It is so rare that the hero or the world-enslaving beauty among women meet their match in a painter's or a sculptor's genius. It may be, even, that these wonders of their age are not so inspiring to the artist as faultless features and less splendid personalities. And for this reason: that such men and women are, so to speak, works of perfect art themselves; beauty, power, is there, for all to see. What provokes imagination and challenges the searching eye is the beauty and power which lurk, half-discovered, not obvious to the common view; these find their completion in the artist's mind. Yet it is a human weakness to wish that of the men and women who mean most to us in history the portraits handed down were worthy of them; that every age had enjoyed its Holbein, its Vandyck. One might speculate on the difference it would make in our conception of certain famous personages if the portraits we possessed of them were different; so many are plainly but cloudy phantasms of the vivid being, dulled or distorted reflections from mean or apathetic minds.

But my purpose is not to speculate curiously, but to call attention to work of value that is being done towards the history of portraiture in England.

The wealth of pictures in English country houses is proverbially enormous. It is very greatly to be desired that a systematic survey should be undertaken and

collective lists published. Quite apart from the splendid array of masterpieces of painting, which year by year is becoming impoverished by sales and exportation to America and the Continent, there is a vast residue of portraits, the comparative study of which would yield fruitful results. Without this comparative study, the full history of painting in England will never be written. For in how many cases has an artist's name been lost or forgotten! We might be able to identify, from one or two signed or authenticated pictures, numbers of other portraits by the same hand; and thus not only would light be thrown on the work of men like Dobson and Walker, well worthy of cataloguing and collecting, but a fair number, I think, of names unknown as yet to the dictionaries would be rescued from oblivion, and some of these might prove to be personalities of interest. This is to dwell only on the value of such work from the point of view of the historian of painting; but how great a field is opened up also for the student of English history and biography!

Everyone who has browsed on the fascinating volumes of the "Dictionary of National Biography" must have been struck again and again with the endless records of lives quite unknown to the general reading public and often of no conspicuous note in their own time, which yet are filled with high enterprise, coloured by romance, marked with the power of character. To those pages our old country houses afford the amplest illustration; houses where for generation after generation it has been a duteous custom for the men and women of the family to be painted by the best available painter of the day. In some houses neglect and indifference have lost or confused the identities of the painters as of the sitters; but in many others a pious care has preserved whatever has been handed down. What infinite resources for patient study, from many points of view, await exploration may be readily inferred from the harvest which has been gathered from a single corner of England. A volume of four hundred pages ("Portraits in Suffolk Houses (West)", by Rev. Edmund Farrer F.S.A. Quaritch) shows what may be done in this way. Mr. Farrer's devotion and untiring thoroughness are astonishing. Not only country mansions but farm-houses and towns have been included in the search; bedrooms, attics, passages have all been made to contribute—and these are by no means to be neglected, as we know what treasures are often relegated to these quarters when rubbish is shown in places of honour. Most of the shining names of English portraiture are represented in Mr. Farrer's book, though there is nothing of one of its finest masters, Samuel Cooper. One might expect to find more of Suffolk's greatest painter, Gainsborough, but he is not in such force as Sir Joshua. Some of Romney's best work, the famous Lee Acton portraits, are here. But perhaps the chief interest of the book is in the minor artists it discovers for us. Among these is one William Johnson, who, to judge by the illustrations of his work, had a lively sense of character. Then there is a family of Waltons, one of whom Mr. Farrer inclines to identify with Henry Walton, an artist of whom very little is known, though he survives in engravings. The portrait of Mrs. Curtis, engraved by Henry Hudson after this painter—a coquettish lady sitting on a sofa with her hands in an enormous muff—is indeed one of the most charming mezzotints ever scraped. Walton exhibited a few pictures at the Academy of the genre to be made so fashionable by Morland and Raphael Smith in 1777 and the two following years. If he worked chiefly in the country, this would help to explain the meagreness of the information we have about him.

Mr. Farrer is to be congratulated on his excellent work, which I hope will be completed by the projected companion volume on the eastern half of the county. May I suggest, by the way, that in the list of illustrations, and also under each illustration, the name of the painter, as well as of the sitter, should be printed? It would facilitate reference. Let us hope, too, that this example will fire other enthusiasts in other parts of the country. Mr. Farrer reminds us in his preface that attempts have been made in the past to set on foot a systematic exploration and the drawing-up of lists of portraits all over England. In 1797 Sir William

Musgrave got his friends to send him lists from the country, and the material he collected is preserved among the manuscripts in the British Museum. Sir George Scharf made a similar attempt in his official capacity as Director of the National Portrait Gallery. And at a congress of archæologists the idea of a comprehensive catalogue was brought forward and commended. But the means and opportunity have hitherto been lacking for the execution of such a scheme. We have not indeed got so far as the scheduling of the masterpieces of art still owned in this country—a still more important desideratum. And to attack the thousands of family portraits may well seem an appalling undertaking. Yet the "Dictionary of National Biography" was hardly less formidable an enterprise. Mr. Farrer has shown what can be done by an independent worker, and it is on such labours that any comprehensive scheme must very greatly rely; but perhaps the most important results will appear only when material has been collected for comparative criticism.

The field of engraved portraits is vastly more circumscribed. Few portraits have been engraved but those of people who have attained a certain celebrity. Here, therefore, study is comparatively easy for the collector. To many besides collectors Mr. O'Donoghue's "Catalogue of Engraved British Portraits in the British Museum", the first volume of which has just appeared, will be an invaluable book of reference. With the catalogue of the prodigious collection of portraits in the Bibliothèque Nationale, now in course of publication, to supplement this, the way of the inquirer will be far smoother than it has been hitherto. Portraits of some fifteen thousand people are included in Mr. O'Donoghue's catalogue, making about fifty thousand prints altogether. In this, the first of what are to be five or perhaps six volumes, we are brought down to the end of the letter C. The two Charleses are the names most abundantly illustrated in the volume; there are nearly two hundred portraits of Charles II., and more than two hundred of Charles I. Cromwell comes next. One of the Cromwell portraits, that engraved by Lombart, went through many vicissitudes, and has proved a classic puzzle. Mr. O'Donoghue's determination of the various "states" should set at rest conflicting theories. The head in this equestrian portrait was Cromwell's at first, not Charles I.'s, as some have supposed; then Louis XIV. was tentatively substituted (in the Sutherland collection at Oxford is an impression with the head of Gustavus Adolphus sketched in); Cromwell's features returned, gave place for a time to those of Charles, and finally returned again, with the added lines of age. Sometimes, it must be confessed, it did not need the substitution of a different personage for the original likeness to be entirely effaced; for one engraver copied from another, gaily inventing or omitting, till, as in the game called Russian Scandal, quite new lineaments were evolved. All which is part of the interest of a fascinating subject.

BYRON.

(Fragment.)

BYRON, what clash in thee of sea and wind,
Wrecking and squandering all we treasure
most!
What riches of ungovernable mind
Washed up along some bleak despairing coast!
Rare liquor doth besiege the furious capes,
The iron steeps are splashed with blood of grapes,
All the perfumed cargo of thy heady wine
Flung to inhabitants of rocks and fogs
To grope for, and get drunk out of their clogs
While chaos-tinging fades the fiery juice divine...

HERBERT TRENCH.

SOME LEGENDS OF THE ABRUZZI.

BY EDWARD HUTTON.

I.

ONE evening at Greco, because of the noise and heat, I had wandered out towards S. Michele for the sake of the silence and the wind. Greco is a village of some two thousand inhabitants set on the hillside more than three thousand feet above the sea in the midst of the Abruzzi, some twenty miles from Sulmona. The heat was wonderful. It was not heavy as any great heat in England always is, but vehement and marvellous with all the fierceness and vitality of fire, the pride and beauty of the sun. Slowly, slowly the delicate shadows had crept through the vineyards, the wind had died in the woods, in the hushed fields the corn seemed about to burst into flame. For three days then the Crucifix had been uncovered in Santa Croce and the whole village seemed to be there all day praying for rain; a strange, a marvellous sight. And the days were not more wonderful than the nights. Each day was like a hard bright precious stone, more dazzling and more heartless than a diamond. Everything was still. And the nights were like sapphires. The sun delighted and frightened me: it was wonderful and a little mysterious. When they had uncovered the Crucifix it had been as though some strange Presence had suddenly come into our midst.

As I lay that evening just within the forest not far from a little stream that, in spite of the drought, still ran secretly under the trees, among the stones, out into the parched valley, I heard a clear voice say softly: "Of what is the Signore thinking; it is perhaps of his own country?"

Looking round I saw a pair of eyes staring at me from under a tangle of black hair, and Ulisse came towards me. Ulisse was some fourteen years old and in some sort my servant.

I lay back among the broom and answered, "Tell me a story then, Ulisse—and I shall forget again."

"But the Signore has heard all the stories of the Signore Antonio,* he has heard all the stories of my mother and my mother's mother—what is there left to tell?"

"Tell me them over again."

"Which of them all will the Signore hear? but indeed he knows them all by heart! There is that one of the birth of Bambino Gesù—yes? And that of the Madonnina when she was a girl at school, and that of Sampietro who was always hungry, even as myself—which of them all shall I tell then?"

And I said, "Tell me the adventures of Madonna."

"Signore, why do you always like that best? For my part I prefer those of Sampietro—how he stole the ham, or how he put the devil's head on the bella ragazza, but . . .

"As the Signore doubtless knows, Erode had ordered the massacre of the Innocenti, for he wished, ah, how indeed he wished! to kill the Bambino Gesù who was a greater king than he. So San Giuseppe and the Madonna had to flee away. Ah, Madonna . . . she carried always in the nest of her arms wrapped in her apron Jesus our Saviour. And as she went, as she went, the Pharisees met her and said, 'Beautiful Lady, what do you carry in your apron?'

"And she answered, 'I carry Il Gran' Signore'.

"But the Pharisees mistook her, thinking she said 'Grano, Signori', and they answered, 'Carry it then to the mill'. So she passed on with our Lord and San Giuseppe.

"And again the Pharisees met them and said, 'Beautiful Lady, what do you carry then in your apron?'

"And she said, smiling perhaps, 'A mass of Flowers'.

"That is not for us', they said one to another, and went on their way.

"And in truth, Signore, Madonna spoke but truth, for Il Gesù Cristo is indeed a Gran' Signore and also a

mass of Flowers. Was it a miracle then that the Pharisees took one for another?

"And as they went on their way Madonna had compassion on San Giuseppe, for he was tired. But everywhere they met companies of Pharisees and it was necessary to continue on the way, so they left the road for a time and entered into the fields. Signore, it was a field where they were sowing beans . . . and the bean is the spy of the year.* Madonna blessed the field and immediately the beans sprang into blossom, and she went on her way. Then came the Pharisees at the top of the field and asked the contadini, 'Has a woman with a Bambino and an old man passed by?'

"And they answered, 'She has passed by, Sissignori'.

"When?' demanded the Pharisees.

"When we sowed these beans,' answered the contadini.

"And the Pharisees, seeing the beans in flower, turned back and went by another road.

"But Madonna with our Lord and San Giuseppe went still on their way, and as they came to a field of flax the Pharisees came upon them once again and Madonna said to the flax: 'Flax, O Flax, hide me this Baby'. And the flax hid Him, and the wind passed over the field so that the waving of the flax dazzled the eyes of the Pharisees and they saw nothing. And when the danger was past Madonna said, 'Blessed be the flax. May it be so plentiful that the women shall be weary of spinning'.

"San Giuseppe and the Madonna with our Lord in her arms had walked all night, and San Giuseppe, for all he walked so strongly, was almost always a long way behind. Suddenly at dawn Madonna spied not far away even another company of Pharisees, but these, Signore, were on horseback, so that she feared more than before that she would fall into their hands. And she cried, 'Run, Giuseppe, run!' And San Giuseppe, using greatly his staff—that which blossomed, you remember, Signore—soon came up to Madonna, but there were neither houses nor shade, nor even a cave thereabout, only an olive-tree. And already the Pharisees cried out 'Stop, stop'.

"But Madonna turned to the olive and said, 'Do me the charity then to hide us all three'. And the olive opened its trunk as it were a cottage, Signore, even as they do still, and Madonna with the Bambino and San Giuseppe entered in. Then it closed again. And within there was light, for it was not wanting in oil. But the Pharisees who had seen, a little before, Madonna and our Lord and San Giuseppe, found only the ass grazing hard by; and they could not understand because they were Pharisees. And they sought all night but found nothing. Then, when they were gone, the olive opened and Madonna came forth with her little Son and San Giuseppe. And Madonna said to the olive, 'May thy fruit be blessed'. And that, Signore, is why we say Olio Santo, Holy Oil, and that is why this oil will heal wounds and burns and tumours, is it not so?

"And so, as the Signore knows, since the Pharisees themselves could not find Madonna, they sent for a brigand. Now, Signore, nothing may escape the watchfulness of a brigand, and it is part of his business to waylay people in the mountains. This brigand then returned to his companions and said to them, 'If a beautiful lady should pass by, take her for me'.

"And the captain of the band heard him, and said, 'She is yonder in the shadow of the mountain, you may take her easily'. And it was as he said.

"And Madonna had not time to hide our Lord or to do anything at all, so they brought her before the captain. 'Beautiful Lady,' he said, 'will you not come and see a bambino of mine, who is covered with sores, for we can find no remedy? Ah, if you might give us some help!'

"And Madonna entered into the cave of the captain of the brigands, and his wife presented to her the little sick one. And does the Signore know what Madonna did? She took off the swaddling clothes of Gesù Cristo, she unwound the bands round about Him, and placing a trough of water close by her she washed Him

* The late most well-beloved Professor Antonio di Nino of Sulmona, who collected a host of stories such as these.

* "La fil' è 'a spije de l'annate", a proverb of the Abruzzi.

very well. Then with that water she washed also the bambino of the captain of the robbers. And that baby, Signore, in a second of time was healed. The captain of the robbers wished to cover Bambino Gesù with gold, but the Madonna said 'No'. Then he went with Madonna a good part of the way, always blessing her. And if the Signore will believe me, that one who had wished to take Madonna was the impenitent thief, the other the good thief. Both of them ended their lives on the cross on Calvary, on either side of Jesus our Saviour. But it was the good thief alone who saw Paradise."

ANOTHER NIGERIAN DAY.

OUR camp is on the slope of a conical hill overlooking a huge marsh. It is quite dark and very cold, at least it seems very cold after the heat of yesterday. There is a strong breeze blowing, and for a wonder no mosquitoes, so a net is not necessary, a blessed relief. As one lies dozing, the dawn appears, a blood-red line low down on the eastern horizon. The birds begin to twitter, and one of them seems to be continually repeating two bars from that famous ballad "Mrs. 'Enry 'Awkins"; unfortunately he always breaks off just when you think he is going to complete the stanza, which is distinctly irritating. It is rapidly growing lighter, and one can see now that the marsh is dotted with low thorn trees, and that there is a large lake in the centre, drained by a winding stream which joins the Benue river some two miles north of our camp. A procession of female figures, each crowned with an elegantly shaped jar, passes in front of the tent. They are the women of the village going to fetch water. The jars are of red clay with long necks, the sides ornamented with rough designs of triangles and squares. It is time to get up; join me in a cup of tea and a cigarette and let us see what the day will bring forth. As we sip our tea the sun jumps suddenly from behind a dark mass of hills. We see in the marsh below several antelopes, their bright brown coats showing bravely against the brilliant green of the grass. The sight is tempting, let us go and try our luck. Hurriedly dressing we sally forth, accompanied by two of our police escort who begged overnight to come with us in search of "beef". Bijouro and Goni are rather interesting people. Two years ago both were raw pagans; but discipline and a uniform have worked wonders, and they now consider themselves highly civilised persons. Bijouro, as his name implies, is the son of a village headman. In barracks, when in an expansive mood, Bijouro has been known to describe himself as the son of a king of a large city, and to descant on the magnificence of his father's stud of horses and the beauty and number of his harem. As a matter of strict fact the large city is a small village of about ten compounds, the stud is a decayed mare with a very bad sore back, and the harem is a toothless old woman, Bijouro's mother; but this is in confidence! Goni's people live on one of the tributaries of the Benue and are a cut above the ordinary pagan. He considers himself quite as good as any Hausa or Fulani, and is always clean and "well turned out". Bijouro is very excited and voluble, this is the first time he has been out shooting with a white man; Goni, who has been out before, checks him with a few well-chosen words of scurrilous abuse, commenting severely on his parentage, and Bijouro is temporarily silent. We descend the hill. Some five hundred yards away there is a kob antelope feeding, the wind is blowing from us to him, he looks up and sees us. Bijouro implores us to shoot, but Goni explains that we do not "loose off" at that distance. The writer is a very bad shot, so do not expect a large bag. His native friends courteously explain his lack of skill by saying, when he returns empty-handed from the chase, "Ah well, Allah did not see fit to bless you to-day, but to-morrow it will be different". Let us hope that Allah will be propitious to-day! We are now on the flat, the grass has not yet grown too high, and it is easy to walk along between the thorn trees and keep our eyes open; the wind is blowing in our faces, and with luck we ought to get a shot. Suddenly we

come into an open space; there, not sixty yards away, is a light brown object at the foot of a small tree. We all drop. Luckily Bijouro says nothing. Cautiously we raise our heads. No, he has not moved; he is a reedbuck, lying contentedly in the grass. He slowly gets up and begins to graze. Now is our chance. An anxious moment, an explosion, and the reedbuck leaps into the air pursued frantically by Bijouro and Goni. He is badly hit, and cannot go far. He makes for the stream which drains the marsh and jumps into it. Bijouro hesitates, muttering something about crocodiles; a volley of abuse from Goni, and in they both go. There is a wild struggle; Bijouro, knife in hand, tries to cut the buck's throat. Goni spluttering with indignation, his mouth half full of mud and water, seizes the buck by the horns, and together they drag it ashore. The two policemen indulge in mutual recrimination, and the reedbuck is despatched to camp, borne triumphantly on Bijouri's head. It is still very early; let us go on, perhaps Allah may be still more gracious.

We come into a wide open meadow of brilliant green grass, no cover anywhere. A fine herd of kob eye us from a safe distance, the buck stamping his feet, shaking his head, and showing every sign of rage, his family behind him. The kob is the commonest and one of the most beautiful antelopes to be seen in this part of the country; his red-brown coat, black legs and graceful spiral horns form a charming picture. We turn north towards the hill and Goni points out a buck lying in the long grass just ahead of us. Unluckily there is a long stretch of open ground between him and us; there is nothing for it but to proceed ventre à terre. Mercifully it is a cool morning; we drop on all fours and slowly and painfully crawl over the open space. It seems a long way and the sharp spikes of old grass and the small stones play havoc with our knees and hands. At last a sheltering bush is reached and from there we make a lucky shot. Our victim turns out to be a small kob. Our very modest bag is received with open arms in camp, everyone beams with delight, the prospect of "plenty chop" has a most exhilarating effect on the nigger mind. A hasty breakfast, and the work of the day begins. A number of headmen of neighbouring villages have arrived. We sit under a large tamarind tree, the natives squatting in a circle round, the headmen in front each with his little following behind him. Every headman has brought a "dash" in the form of a few scraggy fowls, or some eggs (of uncertain age), or some other small offering. It is not considered good form to come empty-handed, and we shall be expected to accept these so-called gifts, and pay a good deal more than their market value, whether we want them or not. To refuse would be taken as an insult, or at any rate as a sign of great displeasure. The question of language now crops up; these people speak neither Hausa, Fulani, nor Kanuri, but a dialect of their own, probably there is more than one dialect to be dealt with. We find that the majority of those present speak one dialect, so an old man, who says he understands Fulani, is selected as temporary interpreter. Your message to these people will therefore go through two other agents before it reaches them: first from English into Fulani through the Government interpreter, then from Fulani into the pagan dialect through the old man. It is like a game of "cross questions and crooked answers", and one devoutly hopes that the general drift of one's remarks will eventually reach the expectant headmen! Sometimes it is necessary to use three interpreters, when several dialects are represented, and apart from the waste of time involved when every sentence has to be repeated three times, there is the knowledge that your words are being twisted and turned, and probably entirely misrepresented. You can only watch the faces of your visitors to see if they understand. There is a slight pause, one of the headmen says a few words, and then they all solemnly clap hands together, keeping strict time: you gather that they are saying "Good morning". You reply suitably, your words are translated by the two interpreters in turn. Your little speech was meant to be genial and to inspire confidence, but to your surprise a look of horror appears on the faces of your visitors, they look behind them anxiously, and slowly begin to get up and go away!

What has happened? After many gestures of friendship they are at length persuaded to sit down. The old man has entirely misunderstood your meaning, and has told them that you have come to punish their evil deeds! A new interpreter is produced who succeeds better. Each headman in turn has an opportunity to tell you his troubles. After a long conversation you often discover that the matter referred to took place some twenty years ago. To avoid waste of time it is as well to find out early in the proceedings the exact date of the matter complained of. One of the headmen is a woman; it sounds rather Irish, but is true. This is very unusual, and you look at the lady with a good deal of interest. She has a very shrewd face, with beady brown eyes, and carries herself with much dignity, in spite of her scanty dress. Her costume is a short kilt of native cloth, striped with blue, black and brown. She has a curious wand of office, a long forked stick, to which are tied pieces of rusty iron and a bullala (native whip) of hippo hide, with which no doubt she chastises her people. She is accompanied by a chaperon, or, shall we say, maid of honour, a horrible old hag of revolting appearance, who carries the tobacco-pipe of her mistress. We discover that she is not only head of her village, but priestess and wife of the deity worshipped in a grove there. The Government interpreter tells us this with a great guffaw of contemptuous laughter; he is a Mohammedan, and cannot understand why we interest ourselves in such silly things as pagan religions. The priestess glares angrily at him and he is told to mend his manners. By this time it is very hot, and your patience and good temper have been exhausted long ago. At last the long audience is over; the "dashes" accepted and paid for, after fulsome compliments on both sides our visitors leave. Although one has been sitting in the open air, the "bouquet d'Afrique" has been overpowering; our visitors are not fond of washing, and, to make matters worse, the interpreter has this morning put a fresh quantity of extract of civet cat on his gown. An interval for lunch, and more visitors arrive to greet us or to bring some grievance to be redressed, if possible. A letter is received from a telegraph clerk thirty miles off, who reports that the wire has been cut. For a wonder his report is short and to the point; as a rule the educated native of West Africa, like his Indian brother, loves highflown language. A clerk some time ago sent a report complaining that the carbines of the police at his station often misfired; this is how he put it: "It is ridiculous to report that the firearms of the police, when pointed at the firmament, refuse to give explosive sound." The sun is getting lower and it is cooler, there will just be time for a stroll up the hill at the back of the camp; it looks easy, and there should be a good view from the top. Halfway up we begin to wish we had not started, the hill is very steep and covered with loose boulders with small cactus bushes growing between. At last we reach the top breathless and soaked with perspiration, but the view is well worth the struggle. The valley of the Benue lies spread before us: the rains began a month ago and the whole country is brilliantly green. Both north and south are bounded by almost parallel ranges of blue mountains, recalling South Africa with their flat tops and precipitous sides. Those in the north are called by the natives the Niam Niam hills, because the Niam Niams, or cannibals, live there. Perhaps the words Niam Niam are meant to describe the smacking of the lips after eating some gruesome dainty!

We go down the hill and find the descent quite as trying as the ascent: the sun has sunk behind the hills, we have fairly earned a whisky and sparklet; let me also offer you five grains of quinine before you go.

THE GILDED LILY.

ONE can hardly yield to the overwhelming fascination of the great lilies from Japan without consciousness of a certain moral loss. Their majesty, their splendour, their supreme beauty lays hold of you, fills you, makes you their very slave, till you feel that for you there are no other flowers and you vow you will devote all your energy and all your skill to the cult

of them and of them only. Love of these splendid creatures becomes a passion, and passion has its hour of repentance. Repentance may be too strong a word; but misgiving there is; this adoration of loveliness, this worship, is it healthy altogether? Is there not something, after all, of the earth, very earthy, about these gorgeous flowers? Is there not some drawback to their beauty? Some heaviness, some oppressiveness about them? Their rich scent fills all the room; it is languorous; overpowering. In presence of these queens of flowers you would sink dreaming on soft rich divans; you think not of the sun and the large air, but of the soft light of a silver lamp burning alone in a room still, without motion of air or sound. You do not want to see their beautiful heads ruffled with a breath of wind; they do not seem to desire the healthy breath of morn. They cast a spell; they appeal to sense; but do they touch the soul? Splendid they are, and they are not gaudy; nor gorgeous with high colour; yet they are gorgeous; gorgeous in their very perfection. They suggest supremely fair women, dressed with finest taste, and not without restraint; the most expensive of all dressing; luxurious in the highest; whose calm faces you admire but somehow cannot like. It is a condemnation of these lilies that they do suggest something other than a flower; that a flower should make you think of dress and jewels and man-made splendour is degrading to it. It is as though it were imitating our poor imitation of itself. But these lilies do this. Luxury sits in the wide laps of their far-expanded blossoms. Gilded, we must feel, is a true name; gilt, no; gilded, yes. About all their wondrous beauty there is an *arrièrepensée*; something one would wish away, or something one would wish added. Their splendour they cannot support without artificial aid; but for the staff man gives them they would hang their heads, probably break and lie dishevelled in the dirt. They love to hide their form in thick bushes, showing only their lovely heads to the light. They are better indoors than out; the least adversity spoils them; they are happiest in the close atmosphere of the glass-house, where neither wind nor rain nor any cold can reach them. Only when everything is favourable, in prosperity, the centre of skilled attention and care, fed full with delicacies, can these creatures thrive. Uncertain then, their morbid nature too often rewards their devotee with miserable failure. Flourishing, vigorous with good promise of copious flower, one morning; the next a wreck. First the lower leaves turn yellow; then the higher; dying miserably they hang for a brief space, before dropping, and last the buds shrivel and drop too. And the loveliness there was to be stands a bare unsightly pole.

How different from the fresh hardy daffodil! The most natural of flowers, the daffodil seems to be essentially good; in every way a moral contrast to the gilded lily. Yet the cultivator of the "heavy Eastern lilies", as some minor poet not unfairly called them, will return to his devotion after every failure. He cannot escape from it. One success, one flower brought out in perfection, one surviving all the chances and uncertainties of its difficult life, one of these great lilies, his own foster-children, once seen perfect, every flower unblemished, in its right setting, some richly furnished room, and he will never give up the quest. In comparison, he will hardly care to grow anything else. Their faults he knows, but the glory of them is too great for him. Have one of these lilies near you in your room when you are at work, at a height which will let you look into it on a level; you will forget the inadequate slightness of its form in the tall plant's long stately curve to the noble head of flower. The excessive weight of the head affects you no more than the preponderant head of a fine stag: forgotten in its grandeur. (The recurved and crinkled petals of an *Auratum* much resemble an ibex horn.) You will find yourself, every time you catch sight of it, glancing up involuntarily from your work, more and more possessed with its beauty till at last you drop what you are doing and gaze steadily in the lily's face. The scent is heavy, but the face is refined. You are glad that there is no splendour of colour. Were *Auratum* crimson or gold in its ground colour, it would be sheer sensuality. But the gold band is not heavily broad, and it is not red gold. The white relieves the richness of the dark spots.

and the gold-brown anthers. The Auratum with the red band is unfortunate in the less purity of its white ground and the impurity of the band, which is much the hue of an angry scar. The broad-leaved Auratum is a refinement on the type; the spots are less heavy, lighter, nearer pink in colour, and fewer of them over a broader expanse of purer white. And in Virginalis (one does not feel the want of common names here: Latin suits these lilies better) refinement has completed its work. Spotless, magnificent, white as an angel—all its grossness, heaviness, worldliness refined away—pure gold on pure white, it justifies its stately name. Who does not call a lily queenly? "Queen lily" this is; crowned.

CORRESPONDENCE.

FATHER POLLEN'S "ENGLISH MARTYRS".

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Your last words on this subject are "The SATURDAY REVIEW, as everybody knows, has no anti-clerical prejudice, but we have regard for historical truth". I cannot in practice show better how true I believe this profession to be than by addressing to you a second letter, and if I debate some of your applications of your principles, I do so only in order that they may be carried out more thoroughly and consistently. Surely, then, it does too little credit to your freedom from anti-clerical prejudice to say of me personally that "Father Pollen could not be expected to look at this matter impartially", and that "he probably considers Queen Elizabeth deserved assassination". It does not honour your "regard for historical truth" to state as a fact that I am "a follower of Mariana" in the odious sense, which (whether truly or no) you now so clearly set forth. If I repudiate such charges with energy, I am only doing what every right-minded Englishman is bound to do, and I do so because they are not consistent with those principles, which we both agree to hold supreme.

So far, then, there is, at all events, no difference of principle between us; our differences seem to me to lie in our conception of the right historical method of arriving at historical truth. You commend to me Lord Acton, Döllinger and Dr. Figgis; while I recommend to you the study of quotations in their original context. Let me point out how this difference of method has influenced the whole of our controversy. I have explained, at page 102 of my book, the miserable consequences of that "disgraceful crime" the assassination of the Prince of Orange by the order of King Philip of Spain. I said "of course everybody knew even in those days that assassination could not be permitted, but an excuse was found in this way"; and then I gave what I conceived (after examining the collections of Gachard and others) to be a true account of the Spanish autocrat's quibbling justification of the murder.

Of course you were quite free to criticise this history as inconsistent with this or that fact, dictum or document relating to the episode in question, and I need not add that the documentary evidence is abundant. Instead of this your reviewer picks out one phrase "Of course everybody knew", &c., omits one part of it, and applies the rest to Elizabeth and to the alleged attempts of English Catholics against her. Surely this is not a scientific method of arriving at historical truth, whereas if my counsel had been followed much misunderstanding would have been avoided. So, too, in regard to the passages about the power of the Popes over Princes. They should first be read in the context in which your reviewer used them. For it was he who introduced them, he who challenged me to investigate them. "Father Pollen should reflect", he said, upon them. I did reflect; and in describing the result of my reflections I explicitly said "I am offered" this evidence. The conclusion I reached was that the passages in their original context proved something very different from that which your reviewer imagined. There I stopped. I made no counter-statement. I started no theories. Whether the claims of the mediæval Popes were good,

bad, or indifferent, made no difference to my discussion of those particular passages.

Yet now, to my great astonishment, Mr. Carmichael (after some kind words for which I thank him) finds that I "endeavour to minimise, nay rather deny, the received mediæval doctrine that the spiritual authority had divine authority to pass sentence on the temporal". I am amazed. What, I wonder, would he say if I deduced from his letter that he "minimised or denied the very existence" of that Italy of which he elsewhere discourses so pleasantly? Can it be that I am expected to state in the SATURDAY REVIEW that I am acquainted with the existence of the mediæval doctrine in question? Well, that is done now, and it only remains for me to add that, so far as my book now before the public is concerned, I have nothing immediately to do with the subject.

What I have said about your correspondent's fallacy has also its application to your own counter-criticism of my answer to your reviewer. It is beside the mark. I need only say that I have not asserted the Hildebrandine theory, that I have not taken out a brief for Pope Pius V., that I have not defended the propositions of Mariana. It did not enter into the scope of my enquiry to do any of these things.

What I did ask for was light upon the question whether Queen Elizabeth's life was ever in danger for five minutes. I am now told on Lord Acton's authority that Pope Pius V. "commissioned an assassin to take Elizabeth's life", and that Acton, who gives his authorities, considered the matter proved up to the hilt. I have the utmost respect for Lord Acton (as also for Döllinger and Dr. Figgis), and have not the least idea of pitting my authority against his. But Acton would have been the first to laugh at an enquirer who preferred his (Acton's) word to his authorities. I have consulted all his authorities, and many other papers not known to him, and in my opinion Lord Acton's charge is not proved. But on this or any other point, give me historical methods and historical evidence that I am wrong, and I will at once cry "Peccavi". For I will yield to no one—not even to you, Sir—in whole-hearted devotion to historical truth.

J. H. POLLEN S.J.

THE GOVERNMENT'S NAVAL POLICY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

22 August 1908.

SIR,—The change that has apparently taken place in the attitude of the Liberal party towards naval policy is not in the least surprising. To those who look on, these constant reversals of front, which we have begun to regard as part of the show, have a distinctly humorous side. Was there ever a Government, and more especially a Cabinet, with so insatiable a capacity for eating their own words? No doubt by this time their organs have by practice become inured to the effects of this somewhat indigestible diet, for it cannot be said that Ministers show any serious symptoms of internal disorder, but rather take pleasure and credit to themselves in performing these gastronomic feats without showing signs of disagreement. For the last two years in spite of the strenuous opposition of every sane thinking person, the Government have made very material reductions in our defensive forces and done their utmost to underrate the necessity for maintaining a military and naval strength which has always been considered by those most competent to judge as the minimum essential to our national security. That Ministers were driven to adopt this policy to fulfil election pledges cannot be doubted, but that we should deliberately jeopardise our future in order that a few gentlemen engaged in politics may have the satisfaction of showing they can occasionally speak the truth is not only the height of absurdity but affords a striking example of the danger to which we may be reduced by party government, and provides yet another argument in favour of placing all questions of such vital importance as national defence outside the manipulation of party. To play ducks and drakes with our

Army and Navy so as to furnish the means for experimenting in social reforms has scarcely turned out a success thus far. The much-talked-of economies hardly come up to expectation, which is not surprising seeing they were based on entirely false conceptions. Since critics have been so unkind as to expose this fallacy, the Government have found it wiser to adopt the humanitarian standpoint, and express pious hopes and whisper soft platitudes on the inherent nobility of nations and the immorality of war. To many Radicals the fact that a country which boasts a civilisation should build "Dreadnoughts" in preference to garden cities is not merely misguided, but perpetrates a crime against humanity. This sort of talk is very cheap.

We all deplore war with its sacrifice and suffering; we all look forward to the millennium when sounds of strife shall have ceased in the land, but in the meanwhile until this new race of perfect man shall be born to inherit our poor little world we must take things as they are, not as we wish them to be, not unmindful of the proverb, so old, and so obvious that it is apt to be overlooked, "If you want peace, prepare for war".

It would seem from the utterances of Ministers and Government organs during the last few days that this fact has suddenly been forced upon them. Messrs. Lloyd George and Churchill, who have constituted themselves spokesmen of their party, have declared that the two-Power standard, which till now has been ridiculed as insane, wicked competition, is indispensable to our security, and must be maintained at all cost. The striking contrast between the statement of Mr. Lloyd George to the Carlsbad correspondent and his speech to the delegates to the Peace Congress certainly does credit to his powers as a quick-change artist. To Mr. Churchill's opinions no undue importance need be attached: they will always vary with whatever for the moment happens to fall in best with his own interests. The "Westminster Gazette" goes so far as to suggest that an increase in the fleet should be provided for by a special loan; in this case Mr. Asquith would be compelled to adopt methods he believes economically unjustifiable. Even if the Government are forced to abandon some of their more extravagant social schemes for lack of funds, the new naval programme will incidentally add very materially to the welfare of a considerable number of working men on account of the employment thereby necessitated. This very obvious fact is always overlooked by those who rail most against expenditure on armaments.

Socialists and others talk as if spending a million to put a "Dreadnought" on the water was tantamount to throwing so many sovereigns to the bottom of the sea. How many homes are supported, how many men, women, and children who would otherwise be in dire need, live in comfort and security on the building of a battleship? The widespread local distress brought about by Mr. Haldane's reductions at Woolwich Arsenal might have taught a lesson.

This change of attitude towards national defence, if proved to be more than mere empty words, will be hailed with relief by those who for months past have been exposing our unpreparedness against possible invasion and who have felt it imperative to warn the country against a peace-at-any-price policy. If by urging forward the somewhat unpopular claim that the progress and very existence of a nation depend on its capacity for self-sacrifice and self-defence they have brought the Government to a recognition of its supreme obligation, they will have earned the sincere gratitude of all those who have the welfare of the country at heart.

Ex-M.P.

COUNTRY HOLIDAY CHILDREN.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

25 August 1908.

SIR,—As a practical worker of some years' experience, I can confirm the hints thrown out by the article on Country Holiday Children in your issue of 22 August.

I honestly doubt whether nineteen out of twenty

children really enjoy their country experiences. Their real pleasure lies in the anticipation, and the reality brings disappointment. The charms of nature are nowhere in comparison with the joys to be derived from a fire, funeral or street accident, which may daily fall to their lot to witness in their own neighbourhood.

Another aspect, too, is the change of diet. Good milk, vegetables and fruit do not appeal to the slum child. At the home of a more than well-to-do cottager I was greeted by the small London visitors with the news "She don't give us nuffink to eat"! On investigation I found the menu was, to my mind, most tempting, but further questioning elicited that what they longed for was "troipe" or "addocks." Then, too, how little in common has the Cockney with the country-bred child. The former is accustomed to fend for himself from his earliest toddle, and his brain works in proportion. He has, as a rule, a genius for repartee—in other words—impudence, and alas! his manners are not desirable to copy. I have continually received complaints from country correspondents of the moral damage done by the Londoners as well as of their mischievous ways.

I have always argued the inadvisability of the boarding-out system as a general rule.

But in the cases which a "Holiday Fund" ought primarily to reach, it is another matter. I mean those of really sick and ailing children who need individual attention and motherly care.

I could cite numerous cases where lives have been practically saved by the change of air and nourishing food: such as children who have been in fever and other hospitals, and have not had the benefits of convalescent homes to follow; and those who live in squalid homes, where kicks come more readily than halfpence, &c.

It has always appeared to me a mistake to send strong and healthy children, boys especially, on this sort of Fund at all.

I should always advocate the "camp" system for boys, the discipline being regulated according to age; whereas for girls I would suggest cottages taken for the purpose, with a reliable woman to look after their creature-comforts, an elder girl or more to help with the care of the younger ones. Doubtless such theories will bring a hornet's nest round me, but I speak from personal observation.

Yours obediently,

EXPERIENTIA DOCET.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

20 Victoria Avenue, Newtownards,
near Belfast, 22 August 1908.

SIR,—There are ways of making children's country holidays more enjoyable than they are at present. For the secondary schools there are now established camps at various points along the coast and inland; and well-managed camp life, with its discipline and daily routine, its competitions and excursions, ought to be both more valuable and more enjoyable than life in village cottages—for boys at any rate. I have not heard of girls' camps; and I should think that girls would fit more easily into cottage life than boys, for the town-bred girl is expected to help her mother, whereas the boy is as a rule got rid of by being sent out to play in the streets.

The unoccupied boy is almost certain to get into mischief; his method of investigation is essentially destructive—as indeed all analysis necessarily is; but it does not commend itself to those whose crops, live stock and hedges are practised upon. Camp life, on the other hand, could be made the beginning of a very valuable training in resourcefulness and self-reliance; and semi-military exercises like scouting and air-gun shooting, together with a certain amount of drill, would have a value in addition to their attractiveness as pastimes. Every English boy should also have some first-hand experience of the sea if we are to maintain our sense of its importance to us; and swimming, sailing and rowing would prove extremely valuable

exercises in holiday camps. When boys are thoroughly interested in work of this description they will listen with eagerness to detailed instruction connected with it; and will begin to appreciate the literature dealing with these sides of life more keenly than they ever could have done without such holiday experiences.

Camp accommodation is, however, not always easy to find; but more might perhaps be made of existing accommodation. Shorncliffe is, for example, practically empty during these months, and vessels whose sea-going days are over would also provide excellent—and easily shifted—accommodation. It seems a pity to break up a royal yacht, for instance, if it could be found useful in this capacity.

One point should, however, be borne in mind. The teachers ought not to be allowed to volunteer for service in these holiday camps. Unless a teacher keeps religiously away from children for as long as ever he can during his holidays, he cannot become really fresh for his next term's work. He needs, moreover, all the experience of the outer world that his holidays can be made to yield him. Fortunately, the officers of boys' organisations are by this time well able to enforce discipline and carry on the work of a boys' camp by themselves.

I remain yours faithfully,

FRANK J. ADKINS.

MR. CAMERON CORBETT'S POSITION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

24 August 1908.

SIR,—Commenting on the political difficulty that has arisen in the Tradeston Division of Glasgow, you say:

"If Mr. Corbett finds himself unable to support the opposition to the Government's Licensing Bill, he is right to resign. It is the fair way to treat his political friends", &c.

In fairness to Mr. Cameron Corbett, it seems necessary to point out that his attitude towards this Bill is precisely such as his "political friends" had every reason to expect it would be. During the long period that he has represented the division he has never allowed the electors to remain in any doubt as to his belief in legislative action of a very drastic kind as a means of promoting the cause of temperance. While, of course, many Unionists in the constituency do not share his advanced or, if you will, extreme views on this question, they have been content hitherto to grant him a free hand in the matter, knowing doubtless that any attempt to fetter his action would be futile.

From a strictly party point of view Mr. Corbett's parliamentary career has not been satisfactory, yet he has, so far, held his seat against all comers, and even now the local political associations, after ascertaining that he still remains an opponent of Home Rule, have, as you are doubtless aware, decided not to ask him to resign his seat "at the present time". That he has laid himself open to criticism by his unexpected "secession", as it has been called, cannot be gainsaid; but, if you will permit me to say so, your own strictures on his action (which have been quoted in the leading daily journals) would, in at least one or two particulars, not command acceptance among those here in Glasgow who have had closer opportunities of judging the man and his work.

I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,

W. C. MURISON.

SWISS PATRIOTISM.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Didsbury, Manchester,
23 August 1908.

SIR,—I have just read in your issue of the 22nd inst. "Middle Templar's" experience of Swiss coffee and coinage, and the inference he draws therefrom on Swiss patriotism.

I fear, however, that it was scarcely patriotism, but

rather prudence, which made the "Swiss housewife" refuse the proffered coin.

That it was "duly endorsed with the figure of Helvetia" I do not doubt, but it may well be that it was the figure of Helvetia that displeased the old lady.

Coins bearing the figure of Helvetia in an upright position are currency; those (under the value of 5 frs.) with Helvetia recumbent are not.

Was one of the latter coins, perhaps, unwittingly offered by "Middle Templar"? and was, as I sincerely hope, the good lady patriotic after all?

Yours faithfully,

ERNEST A. KOLP.

STONE CURLEWS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Horsham Vicarage, Sussex.

SIR,—In his article on the Stone Curlew which appeared in your issue of 15 August Canon Vaughan says: "In one of his charming papers Mr. Hudson laments the disappearance of the bird from the Sussex downs, where in White's time it 'abounded'".

Now although it has ceased to abound in Sussex, the Stone Curlew is still a regular summer resident in the county, where, and as recently as this past spring, I have found its eggs. And during the last few years several of my friends have done likewise.

Believe me, truly yours,

JOHN WALPOLE BOND.

THE ESCAPED VULTURES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Hartford Bridge, Winchfield,
26 August 1908.

SIR,—I feel many of your readers will have read with regret of the massacre of the hapless escaped vultures in East London. All who have had anything to do with these birds know how inoffensive they are and how anybody accustomed to handling big birds could have easily recaptured them with the aid of a few pennyworth of "lights" or similar tempting food. The one requisite was that they should not be disturbed and made to fly away until such time as they became hungry, when they would have come readily to feed. Like most people who keep large birds in confinement I have from time to time had to recapture vultures, eagles and eagle owls which have, either by accident or design, been at large, and provided a bird has not been alarmed by other folk, have never yet failed to secure it. Any man who has experience of taking up a trained falcon will know what I mean and how simple a matter it is.

But you are mistaken in speaking of the vulture as a scavenger. The neophron is the scavenger, not vultures.

Your obedient servant,

WILLOUGHBY VERNER.

BREAKFAST.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Scotland, 26 August 1908.

SIR,—When will English people who wish to be civil, and no doubt mean well, come to understand that it is not necessarily kindness and politeness, but cruelty, to talk, talk, talk without ceasing at breakfast time? Breakfast is not the time for senseless chatter. One wants to go easily then. Silence may be lead at dinner, but it is golden at breakfast.

Yours faithfully,

A MISERABLE SUFFERER.

REVIEWS.

HARVARD ON ENGLISH GOVERNMENT.

"The Government of England." By A. Lawrence Lowell.
London: Macmillan. 1908. 2 vols. 17s. net.

THE Government of England in two octavo volumes is, as Professor Lowell's own students at Harvard might say, a big proposition. There are many books on English constitutional law and custom, most of them good, hence a new attempt, and that hailing from a new country, is certain to meet with close criticism. Apart from many other useful qualities, the main value of this book lies in its text-book nature. It covers a wide range of subjects, often too wide for useful treatment, travels rapidly from central to local government, has a lightning glance at the Church and the Universities, dwells lovingly on the party system, mentions the colonies and imperial federation, and ends up with forty pages of "reflections". Harvard students should be "well up in" England. Professor Lowell's facts are clearly set out, and as a rule well backed by ample authority, his copious Hansard references being a useful feature of the work.

Recent happenings in British politics give point to the observations on the interdependent relationship of Crown, Prime Minister and Cabinet, and we note gladly that in a day when it has become the fashion to decry the influence of the Crown, Professor Lowell fully realises the important and far from nominal duty of the Sovereign in the selection of a Prime Minister. The circumstances connected with Lord Rosebery's choice in 1894 scarcely seem to receive notice enough, and we are surprised that Mr. Lee is preferred to Lord Morley as an authority. Mr. Lee's few journalistic lines are not comparable with Mr. Gladstone's own memorandum set out by Lord Morley (in the third volume of the *Life* at page 513). Professor Lowell seems to think the choice of the Crown in the selection of Prime Ministers is likely to be exercised less commonly in the future. In this he evidently presupposes the continued existence of a rigid two-party system, as it is quite clear the Crown's choice could not fail to be an important factor in the event of coalitions and re-grouping of parties. The party rigidity customary in the United States does not and probably never will exist in England; moreover it is not usual with us to elect party leaders unless every other way of getting them has failed. When Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman died Mr. Asquith was the one dominating force in the Cabinet, but he was not generally popular with his party and it is by no means certain that he would have come out first in an election. In America party is a well-defined term. Professor Lowell does not say with reference to the selection of a Prime Minister whether he uses the word in the sense of a full party convention, or the party members of the House of Commons, or as the Unionists recently interpreted the word, all the party candidates, successful and otherwise, at the last General Election. Electorates so differently constituted might conceivably not agree in their estimate of the qualities required in a Prime Minister.

It is characteristically American that in a book dealing with a country's Constitution its author should explain what course the members of a party should adopt in order to attain personal success. We are given the stolid-supporter and the candid-friend attitudes, with a recommendation in favour of the stolid supporter. The further alternative of "ratting", so well rewarded by the present Government, has evidently been overlooked. We cannot agree with Professor Lowell that accession to Cabinet rank is to-day so much bound up with previous junior service as undoubtedly it was some years ago. The present Government is a striking instance to the contrary. Mr. Haldane, Mr. Birrell, Mr. Lloyd George, and Mr. Harcourt never sat on the Treasury Bench at all until they entered the Cabinet in 1905. And Lord Randolph had never held office before he entered the Cabinet in 1885 as Minister for India.

Professor Lowell treats the Board of Trade, now one of our most important offices, with scant courtesy. He must be aware of the important conciliation work

done under its control, the strikes settled, and the wages boards set up, with the result that masters and men are fast growing familiar with and inclined towards arbitration, both in principle and in practice. America has not been without labour troubles, and comparison would have been interesting.

Considerable space is rightly devoted to the Civil Service. The United States, throttled for years by its spoils system, has frequently cast a longing look towards the permanence and efficiency of our own Civil Service; any American criticism of it therefore has the more interest. In this matter Professor Lowell does not give us credit for much political insight, otherwise he would hardly ascribe the permanence of the Civil Service as chiefly due to our worship of vested interests; we rather prefer to think that a sensible belief in continuity of policy is the main reason. He is right, however, in drawing attention to the ever-increasing competition for the lower positions which the service has to offer. Something fixed, a small but gradual rise, and a pension have as much attraction for the English lower middle class as for their kind in France. It is of interest to note also that an independent observer fully realises how completely the higher positions in the service are filled from Oxford and Cambridge; and, moreover, that he evidently believes a good general education to be a far better foundation for the exercise of executive ability than early specialisation. The permanent heads of English Government offices have a power and an influence on the course of policy seldom realised by people in general, and unless some violent popular upheaval intervenes the even current of government steadily flows on in the channel made for it by the spirit of the office. The House of Commons, more fearful than ever of its dignity, nowadays attempts to exact the constant presence of Ministers on the Treasury bench, and they, being human and having but one body, naturally choose to be most in the place which after all is the deciding factor in their political future. So Ministers may come and Ministers may go, but the office goes on for ever. It is not certain, as Professor Lowell seems to think, that the heads of these great Government offices have reached the limit of their power and influence; many observers rather take the view that their executive influence will steadily grow with the increase of Cabinet power and the consequent decline in the importance of the House of Commons.

The chapter on Parliamentary Committees is very well done; and we doubt if any other author has succeeded in conveying so clear an understanding of their work and influence in so small a space. Naturally the volumes of Redlich—whose grasp of our complicated parliamentary procedure is wonderful—May and Ilbert have been carefully drawn on, but Professor Lowell's work shows much more than mere second-hand knowledge. The last few years have seen a complete reversal of old Committee procedure, for now instead of Bills going normally to a Committee of the whole House, or occasionally to a Grand or Special Committee upstairs, their usual destiny is one of the four newly established Grand Committees, unless the House intervenes to keep the Bill downstairs. It is unkindly suggested that much of the businesslike speed with which these Committees do their work is due to there being no reports of members' speeches either in Hansard or in the press.

Our methods of legislation are carefully reviewed, on the whole unfavourably, and, lament it as we may, the criticisms are in the main justifiable. The observation however that statutory consolidation is unusual is not exact, inasmuch as the tendency of the last few years has been distinctly in that direction. Designs and Trade Marks, Factory Law and Merchant Shipping are good examples. There is a further complaint that even the Courts frequently fail to arrive at a definite understanding of our modern-made law. The recent West Riding education judgment is given as an instance, and we are afraid the criticism can be justified by many other examples. The trouble is chiefly due to the hurried and unscientific way in which the House of Commons makes law, accepting as it does haphazard and piecemeal amendments with very little reference to their effect on a Bill as a whole. There is urgent need

of a revision committee to ensure that at least changes consequent on amendments passed are made before a Bill becomes law. Probably legislation by reference is, as Professor Lowell observes, responsible for a good deal of the trouble, but it is too useful an expedient to be thrown away by Ministries whose greatest need is time.

The chapter on the House of Lords is short but to the point. The statement that "disputed claims to the succession of hereditary peerages may be settled by the Crown on its own authority" is misleading, as, although the Crown may ennoble any subject at its will, it cannot of its own accord give a petitioner the precedence of an ancient peerage. The writ of summons and the sitting would in itself ennoble a subject, but unless the House of Lords were satisfied as to the petitioner's pedigree the peerage would date only from the day of his admission to the House and would simply rank as a new creation; hence this is probably the reason why all petitions, other than those concerning which there can be no difficulty, are nowadays invariably referred to the House by the Crown. Also, it is not altogether correct to state that the peers' original criminal jurisdiction is not of much consequence. It may be an anachronism but it exists, and would have been usefully illustrated by a reference to the Russell trial only seven years ago.

We have little space left to deal with Professor Lowell's views on Local Government, but at least we congratulate him on his very fair and critical summary of the arguments for and against municipal trading. We wish we could believe our local authorities were as free from suspicion as he appears to find them, but West Ham, Mile End, and Poplar are too unpleasantly prominent. Professor Lowell's own country has recently taken to imperialism; so his views on our colonies and on imperial federation have point. He clearly sees our difficulties, can offer no immediate solution, and ends with the delicate flattery that our political genius will probably find a satisfactory way out.

A JOURNEYMAN OF LETTERS.

"Recollections." By David Christie Murray. London: Long. 1908. 10s. 6d. net.

THERE is something pathetic about the life-story of a literary journeyman like Christie Murray. He worked so very hard, and he made so little money or fame. His career should be a warning to young men with some fancy and facility of composition. For these qualities Christie Murray had, and, as we have said, untirable industry. But he never became more than a second-rate journalist and a third-rate novelist, because he was unobservant of details and hopelessly inaccurate, faults that are dangerous in any career, but simply mortal to a penman. Christie Murray could not remember, or never learned, the right names of important people; and when in his novels he wrote about "high life" he made ludicrous mistakes. He describes his adventures as a correspondent in the Russo-Turkish war of 1877 amusingly enough; but he speaks of the British Ambassador at Constantinople as "Sir Arthur Laird"; nor is this a casual slip, for a few pages further on he writes about "Lady Laird". Our Ambassador at Constantinople at the date in question was of course Sir Henry Austen Layard. But his inaccuracy went deeper than this, and invented impossible details, as the two following stories about Lord Beaconsfield show. "On the night on which Disraeli's Government fell he gave the House of Commons a last proof of his unconquerable 'cheek and pluck'. The Marquis of Hartington had delivered a speech which everybody knew to have sealed the fate of the party in power, but the great Jew statesman rose up imperturbable and audacious to the last. 'There is, Sir, in war a manœuvre which is well known. First the cavalry advance, creating dust and waving sabres, then a rattle of musketry is heard along the line, and next the big guns are brought into play, and when the dust and smoke have cleared away the force which has created it is found to have removed to a considerable distance.

This manœuvre, Sir, is known as covering a retreat,' &c. . . . He knew, of course, that he was beaten, he knew that in an hour's time the reins of Government would have passed from his own hands to those of his rival, but he took defeat with his own sardonic gaiety, and made a claim for victory with his expiring breath." Now, this speech of Disraeli's, one of his best known, was made at the end of the session of 1874 or 1875, when Disraeli was at the meridian of his power, having just formed his Ministry, and the reins of Government did not pass from his own hands to those of his rival until nearly six years later, and then not in consequence of a vote in the House of Commons, but as the result of the General Election of 1880! And yet Christie Murray was a reporter in the gallery during the period in question! Here is another and a worse sample on the next page. "I witnessed the formal installation of Lord Beaconsfield. There were four peers present in their robes of scarlet and ermine and their braver bonnets, and the Lord Chancellor was seated on the woolsack. An attendant brought a scarlet cloak, and a very shabby and faded garment it was indeed, and adjusted it about the shoulders of the neophyte. The second attendant handed him a black beaver which he assumed; then he was led in a sort of solemn dance to the four quarters of the House, at each of which he made an obeisance. Finally he was conducted to the Lord Chancellor and the ceremony was at an end." What is the value of descriptive writing if it is not accurate? There is hardly a word of truth in the above. How could a reporter in the gallery see an attendant adjusting his robes about the shoulders of a neophyte? Peers do not robe in the lobby or in the Chamber. How could a new peer's robes be "a very shabby and faded garment", unless indeed he bought or hired it from Nathan? A shabby and faded scarlet cloak is often adjusted about the shoulders of the sixteenth earl, or the tenth baron, but that is because with his title he succeeds to his predecessor's robes. Finally, a new peer is not conducted to the Lord Chancellor, of whom, unless he happens to know him personally, he takes no notice as he walks out behind the throne to unrobe. But this was Christie Murray: he was unobservant and inaccurate, and when he wanted to produce a journalistic effect, he did not scruple to invent. A writer with these mental and moral defects deserves no higher place in the republic of letters than was achieved by Christie Murray. There is one chapter in this book which is full of common-sense and truth, because Murray therein is not striving after sensational effects, we mean that on the Australian colonies. What the author says about the feelings of the colonial working classes and of the tyranny of the working class in politics, we recommend everyone to read. According to Christie Murray, the wealthy and official classes in Australia and New Zealand are friendly to England; the working men and the bar- loafers are bitterly hostile to the Old Country. Another very good thing in the book is the advice given by an American friend to Christie Murray on setting out to the United States for a lecturing tour. It is worth quoting, as it may be useful to some of our readers. "1. Express no opinion on American subjects, political, social, or racial—save in praise. 2. Be polite and ready to talk affably with everybody; men who speak to you in a railway train, or the bar-tender, or the boot-black, quite as much as the rest. 3. Avoid like poison eccentricities of dress, and all contact with actors and actresses. 4. Rebuff no interviewer. Be invariably affable and reserved with him; talk literature to him, and reminiscences of Reade, Matthew Arnold, Dean Stanley, anybody you like; especially mention things in America which you like, and shut up about what you don't like. 5. Keep appointments to a minute. No one else will, but they respect it immensely in others." As this American adds, "A good many minor people—hotel baggagemen, clerks, &c., tram-conductors, policemen and the like—will seem to you to be monstrously rude and unobliging. You will be right; they are undoubtedly God-damned uncivil brutes. That is one of the unhappy conditions of our life there. Don't be tempted even to wrangle with them or talk back to them. Pass on and keep still. If you try to do anything else, the upshot will be your appearing

somewhere in print as a damned Britisher for whom American ways are not good enough. The whole country is one vast sounding-board, and it vibrates with perilous susceptibility in response to an English accent. Don't mention the word Ireland. Perhaps that is most important of all. You will hear lots of Americans—good men, too—damning the Irish. Listen to this, and say nothing, unless something amiable about the Irish occurs to you. Because here is a mysterious paradox. The American always damns the Irishman. It is his foible. But if an Englishman joins in, instantly every American within earshot hates him for it. I plead with you to avoid that pitfall. The bottom of it is paved with the bones of your compatriots." Anyone contemplating a tour in the United States should cut out this advice and paste it in his pocket-book.

THE INDIAN PROCESSION.

"India Through the Ages." By F. A. Steel. London: Routledge. 1908. 4s. 6d. net.

IT has been said that the most romantic episode in our English history is the conquest of India. That is true: but from an Indian point of view it is only part of a greater truth. The whole history of India is a romance—or a series of romances. From the earliest dawn of prehistoric time India has been the scene of adventure by successive invaders who have overrun the country and established themselves in one part or another. Each in turn has fallen back to the level Nature ordains for all races which make India their home, when they cease to draw fresh recruits from the country that produced the first sturdy breed of conquerors. One after another they have made way for fresher and more virile newcomers. How many nations successively have come and conquered and yielded to the influence of climate and surroundings we cannot say. The earliest known bear witness to the existence of earlier still, and leave undisclosed the cradle of the first adventurers who crossed the mountain or the ocean barriers and swarmed into the great plains. Each invasion is itself a romance—ours not even the greatest of historic times. To develop this aspect of its history is the main purpose of Mrs. Steel's very striking book. She has given us an impressionist picture of India, or rather a series of pictures at every stage of its history. The work is not a chronicle. What chronicle of India's forty centuries could be compressed into three hundred and sixty pages? No one need consult it for the settlement of contested facts or the discussion of disputed theories. What he will find here is a procession of the stately dramas that have filled and passed across the Indian stage, each in the setting and colour of its time. The few leading characters fill the foreground for their hour and make way for others of a new type; while behind stand the silent masses, the real India, changing slowly if at all, and rarely finding voice except now and again an inarticulate murmur—a cry of rage or a wail of despair. The master motive of the book is not the presentation of events, of economic progress or ethnological conditions, but rather to display in the light of its history the picturesque and romantic side of India's ever-changing rulers and its slow-changing people.

The scheme is peculiarly appropriate to the treatment of a history which has to deal with a vast mass of diverse States and peoples whose annals, where any exist, cannot be embodied in one continuous chronological narrative. The story is continually interrupted in order to pursue contemporary events in various quarters. The reader becomes wearied and perplexed in the effort to co-ordinate these broken narratives. But the position from time to time is dominated by one central power, and interest centres in one person or group who hold up the mirror that reflects both in form and colour all the constituent parts. Again, throughout all the earlier periods the records are fragmentary and imperfect—a few rock inscriptions, a tradition, a coin or two, an eponymous hero, a passage in some foreign historian, and the rest is left to inference or imagination. To quote a characteristic passage from Mrs. Steel: "one

of those curious intervals in Indian story when the curtain comes down on the living picture of the stage, leaving us to wonder what the next act of the drama will be, and when it will recommence. Still more like perhaps is the position of the spectator to one who on some mountain-top watches the rolling clouds sweep through the valleys below him. A stronger breath of wind, a little rift in the hurrying white vapour, and a glimpse of the life that goes on and on below the mists comes into view for a moment and is gone the next". Mrs. Steel has turned all these difficulties to good account, and, avoiding temptation to speculate, has thrown on the canvas a bold, strong picture and a true one. In the later stages this becomes less and less easy as the history, becoming more complex and minute, refuses to lend itself to such treatment. One could almost wish that the story had ended with the eighteenth century, when it becomes impossible to maintain the enthralling simplicity of the earlier period and the annals are no longer a record of impressions, but of complicated details no art could simplify. And the pity of it is the element of the picturesque and the romantic is steadily receding. Where it still shines through the murk of commerce and intrigue Mrs. Steel has not been slow to reflect it. But why has she, while citing the deeds of chivalrous Moghal and Rajput, forgotten to record the incident of the young Vans Agnew and his companion who faced their assassins at Multan with the bold proud warning "We are not the last of the English"? It would however be hypercritical absurdity to pry curiously after omissions and errors in a picturesque rather than scientific work, as the modern historic "schools" would say. Its purpose is fulfilled. And that purpose could only have been achieved by a writer with literary sense and creative power who had grasped the spirit and genius of India, and had gained the insight and sympathy that come only from long intimate personal association with the scenes and peoples she describes. Probably Mrs. Steel alone has all the necessary qualifications.

THE STUARTS AND THE COVENANT.

"The Covenanters." By James King Hewison. 2 vols. Glasgow: John Smith. 1908. 32s. net.

"The Royal House of Stuart." By Samuel Cowan. 2 vols. London: Greening. 1908. 42s. net.

THE associations of the latest scenes in the Stuart tragedy with the valleys of the Highlands often make us forget that the overthrow of the Stuarts was the work rather of Scotland than of England. In truth the collusion of the greater part of the Scottish aristocracy with the Covenanters decided the civil war in favour of the Parliament, while the bitter resistance the Presbyterians offered to the ecclesiastical policy of Charles II. destroyed the prestige of the Restoration. The explanation of the long struggle between the Scotch dynasty and the Scotch Kirk is therefore an historical problem of the first interest. The more the question is studied the clearer it becomes that the points at issue were political rather than religious. From its first accession to the Scottish throne to the hour of its passing from the isle of Britain, the House of Stuart was always at grips with those forces of anarchy that found a home in the mansions of the Scotch nobility and gentry. After the Reformation this anarchy continued in a form as virulent as ever, but masked largely under the guise of religion. The political problem that faced Mary Stuart and her successors was in fact not dissimilar to that which confronted Richelieu in France. The France of Louis XIII. was menaced by a rebellious feudalism and a Calvinism which in its synods and its fortresses had become an imperium in imperio, and Richelieu by the capture of La Rochelle crushed both. The old Scotch Calvinism was, if anything, more incompatible with civilised government than was the French. The claims put forward on behalf of the Kirk by extreme preachers like Andrew Melville went far beyond anything that the most extreme Ultramontane has ever demanded for Church against State. Not only did this fanaticism assert that it was the right of the Kirk to dictate its duty to the civil power. It also

laid down and acted on the principle that every church or congregation was a court of religion and morality in which the pastor as a spiritual judge was bound to give verdicts on men and things, which could only be varied in the higher courts of the Kirk. In other words, Presbyterianism gave to the parish minister an uncontrolled power of excommunication such as the Canon Law had never permitted to the parish priest of pre-Reformation days. In a civilised State such claims on the part of a number of individual ministers could hardly be reconciled with public order. To tolerate this in a turbulent country like Scotland, where every little laird was willing to fight for any or no cause, was to make anarchy chronic. Nor at this period could the Kirk in any sense claim to be a civilising agency. The records of its disciplinary sessions show that after fifty years of "gospel teaching" the moral standard of the community was, speaking from the standpoint of the age, deplorable. The education of the people was worse than it had been in pre-Reformation days, for Knox' scheme for parish schools was a fond dream, and no practical steps for the establishment of a system of popular education were taken until the latter part of the seventeenth century. And when we recall the terrible atrocities which the Covenanting troops were constrained by their ministers to commit after Philiphaugh and the loathsome witch-burnings encouraged by the same divines, it is difficult to escape from the conclusion that if a tree is to be judged by its fruits, the Kirk of Scotland of that date was a disgrace to Christianity. At least to contemplate its works is to understand how statesmen may well have judged that in the restoration of the episcopate lay the only chance of giving to Scotland the blessings of such Christian civilisation as England enjoyed. And it must be remembered also that, though the struggle between the Covenanters and the Stuarts was a main cause of the revolution of 1688, the fruits of the victory were not for the Cameronians. Presbyterianism indeed became the established religion of Scotland; but it was the Presbyterianism of the moderate ministers like the Poundtext of "Old Mortality", not the fierce fanaticism of Balfour of Burleigh. The Kirk of 1689 was a Kirk that had learned its lesson, and wisely dropped the Covenant.

To Dr. Hewison the struggle between the Stuarts and the Kirk naturally presents itself in a different way. He is too well informed and too honest to conceal or palliate all the black deeds of the Covenanters, and occasionally, as when he writes of Montrose, he can say a kind word for one of their antagonists. Still the burden of his book is that from the dawn of the Reformation to the battle of Killiecrankie the Kirk of the Covenanters stood for the powers of light, and the Stuarts and their friends for the powers of darkness. It is in keeping with this view that he has hardly a word of censure for the sacrilege and atrocities that followed in the train of the preachers of the Reformation, and that he writes in terms of eulogy of that prince of hypocrites and traitors the Regent Murray. It is in keeping with this position that when he comes to the days of Bothwell Bridge he treats the discredited Wodrow as a serious historian. To those who do not know this worthy's name, suffice it to say that he is the Foxe of the Cameronians, and that it is as hopeless to turn to his pages for any sane comprehension of Claverhouse and his policy as to turn to the "Book of Martyrs" for a true picture of Bishop Gardiner. Claverhouse therefore naturally fares ill in these pages. Is it because he was a man of religion and honour that this loyal cavalier has always excited among extreme Presbyterians more intense hatred than any other enemy of the Covenant? It is amusing to find Dr. Hewison even denying his claim to personal beauty (to which contemporary portraits attest) and asking us to believe a Whig tradition that makes him not a dark but a red-haired man. He omits to say that Highland memories have always known him as "Ian Dhu nan Cath", "Dark John of the battles".

Mr. Cowan's volumes on "The Royal House of Stuart" have their merits. The author is interesting when he discusses the genealogical origins of the family or when he throws light from official documents on the Scotch Court life of the fifteenth century. Had he confined himself to the Court life and personal biographies

of the Stuart princes and carried on his narrative to the death of Cardinal York, he might have produced a book of interest and value. If he preferred to write a political history, he would have done well to close his work with the accession of the Stuarts to the English throne. Most of his second volume is simply a bad history of seventeenth-century England. The account of James II. is a specially deplorable performance. Of the Prince's life in exile, of his distinguished achievements as a soldier under the banners of Turenne and Condé, hardly a word is said. Similarly his great services to the navy are ignored, while the general picture of his reign is simply a poor rehash of the Macaulay myth. The history of the Scottish Stuarts is far better done, and the life of Mary Stuart is a really fine piece of work, though one cannot quite say that the author gets over all the difficulties of the casket letters. It is curious also that a writer who can discuss so broadly the alleged Breton origin of the Stuarts should have ignored Mary Stuart's connexion with the land of Armorica. It was at Roscoff in Brittany that she landed with the Bishops and Peers of Scotland for her wedding with the Dauphin, and at Roscoff she reared the chapel to S. Ninian (the Scotch saint), of which the ruins still remain. One genealogical theory holds that Dol, the old metropolitan see of Brittany, was the original home of the Stuarts. Even those who dissent from this theory allow that Breton blood flowed in the veins of their early ancestors. Certainly to-day, if their memory is fading in their Scottish realm, it is tenderly cherished by old-world Brittany, which has not forgotten the landing of the girl queen on its stormy coast.

DAUPHIN, AND MOCK DAUPHINS.

"The Little Dauphin." By Catherine Welch. London: Methuen. 1909. 6s. net.

AUTHENTIC history has little to say concerning Louis XVII. It is for the most part content to lose sight of him in the Temple prison, and to regard him as having died there of neglect and scrofula. Carlyle dismisses him in some five lines. Thiers has little time or space for such matters. Sir Archibald Alison, who sprawls generously in all directions by way of dissertation, is on this subject singularly self-contained. In the interests of sanity the "Cambridge Modern History" either ignores or perverts the facts.

Such being the case, it might be well to indicate at the outset that authentic history is for once hardly justified of her children. Within a few years of the little dauphin's death in the Temple an English periodical was discussing the probability of his being alive. Forty mock dauphins have since filled the stage, and an amount of industry has been expended on the problem of his escape and the claims of his impersonators that would suffice to write a history of the world from the days of Noah.

The author of "The Little Dauphin" has done well to dismiss these Pretenders one and all with a verdict of non-proven. Whatever the real facts may be, it is fairly certain that the young prince did not leave the Temple in a basket of linen after the manner of Sir John Falstaff. Neither was he thrust into the stomach of a toy horse in Odyssean mode. Nor did he like Monte Cristo take the place of a corpse dressed for burial. Nor again was he jammed into the interior of a piano like the reputed body of Uncle Joseph of fantastic memory. All these things we are in turn asked to believe, and all these things may in turn be safely rejected. From plausible Naundorf to ingenuous Augustus Meves there is not one among them all who can convince us that he is really a dauphin, and explain how it is that he comes to be alive. Naundorf tells a story of how he was operated upon in prison for the removal of those physical peculiarities which formed the most important part of his stock-in-trade. We are asked to believe that his keepers endeavoured to mould his face out of all resemblance to those of his illustrious ancestors by deft use of the lancet and a scientific application of certain chemicals. Is Naundorf an impostor, or have we arrived at the Island of Dr. Moreau? Such stories as these do not find a place in the pages of

"The Little Dauphin", though they must certainly have aided the author in forming her conclusions.

Though one reject the mock dauphins one and all, and minimise the value of all stories professing to account for the prince's escape, it is at the same time possible to believe in his posthumous existence. The author of "The Little Dauphin" uses the method of M. Lanne. It is the method by which two eminent mathematicians discovered Neptune. A planet that is unseen reveals itself by its influence on bodies in its near neighbourhood. If you wish to discover Louis XVII., fix your eyes on Louis XVIII. and the Duchesse d'Angoulême. Louis XVIII. erected no monuments, celebrated no masses, would have nothing to do with the little dauphin's heart preserved and offered him as a relic by Pelletan. The conduct of the Duchess is also somewhat mysterious, and the sudden death of the Duc de Berri may have some bearing on the subject. Then there is a gentleman usher whose credentials we should like to examine, and an unauthenticated secret article supposed to have been inserted in the treaty drawn up by the Allied Powers. Napoleon shrugged his shoulders, but he had his doubts. Josephine is supposed to have known more than it was good for her to know, and she like the Duc de Berri died suddenly. It came to be a popular way of accounting for sudden death to say that deceased knew something about the little dauphin which Louis XVIII. desired to keep in the family. But all these things, even if given their full value, do not prove that Louis XVIII. knew that the dauphin was alive. They merely prove that he was not sure that the dauphin was dead. This is hardly to be wondered at seeing that no one can be perfectly sure of it to this day.

"The Little Dauphin" is quite a good book to read. The author has some gift of style and a pleasant vein of exaggeration. Her case is put with impartiality and at the same time with decision. It is possible to quarrel with her conclusions, but it is impossible not to respect them. Only the last hundred pages concern themselves with the historical enigma connected with the ultimate fate of the little Louis XVII., and these are by far the most interesting. The earlier chapters portray the truncated life-history of the young prince, a neatly executed picture painted against a lurid background of revolution.

THEOLOGIA HELLENICA.

"The Religious Teachers of Greece." By James Adam. Edinburgh: Clark. 1908. 10s. 6d.

"THE Religious Teachers of Greece" represents the substance of the Gifford Lectures delivered by Dr. Adam in Aberdeen between December 1904 and June 1906. While still engaged in revising his work for the press, the author was stricken down by an incurable malady, to which, after a very short interval, he succumbed. Lovers of classical learning lament the loss of an accomplished scholar, a profound and original thinker, and a writer of force and distinction. Had Dr. Adam been spared to carry on his labours—he was only forty-seven when he died—his great abilities would undoubtedly have met with wider recognition. As it is, the influence of his stimulating personality on pupils and others who attended his lectures has been fruitful in results, while his direct contributions to the studies to which he gave himself are likely to be of enduring value.

In his last book Dr. Adam has presented us with an informing summary of the religious views of the principal Greek poets and philosophers from Homer down to Plato. The subject was a large one, and demanded some skill in handling. The plan which commended itself to the author was to take each teacher singly and explain his doctrine, emphasising the leading ideas on which it is based, and inserting where necessary brief criticisms and discussions on obscure or disputed points. Such a method, of course, has its merits. With delightful lucidity Dr. Adam displays and dissects the views of the several writers, and in almost every case his exposition leaves a clear and definite impression on the mind of the reader. Anyone who desires to become acquainted with the religious conceptions of some

particular Greek thinker—of Pindar, for example, or Xenophanes or Socrates—cannot do better than consult this book. At the same time the method is defective, inasmuch as it fails to bring out satisfactorily the general trend of Greek religious thought, to show how one system is connected with another, to demonstrate the process by which the crude notions of Homer and Hesiod were gradually developed in the minds of successive thinkers until they attained the form with which Platonic students are familiar. It would, indeed, be unfair to suggest that the author has wholly neglected the general aspect of his subject; but in this regard his treatment is inadequate. It is much to be regretted that he did not at least devote one chapter to gathering up results, and basing some general conclusions on the details which with so much learning and labour he has collected and set forth.

Apart from this fault in the handling of the material there is little to criticise in this most interesting book. One may not, of course, invariably agree with Dr. Adam's interpretations. When, for example, in commenting on the celebrated passage of Xenophanes, "One God, greatest among both gods and men, resembling mortals neither in form nor in thought", he argues, in opposition to Freudenthal and Gomperz, that the philosopher is making a profession of monotheism, he seems to do less than justice to the polytheistic language used in this as well as other fragments of the sage of Colophon. Dr. Adam might cite authorities as ancient as Clement of Alexandria in support of his own view, but probably most modern critics will prefer to see in this passage a reference to a supreme God, on whom the lower gods depend, and who consequently is frequently thought of simply as the Godhead. Again, when Dr. Adam includes Anaxagoras of Clazomenæ among Greek "religious teachers" and maintains that this philosopher is "the founder of theism in the western world," he is treading on very debatable ground. In this case, however—in spite of the fact that Anaxagoras never speaks either of God or of gods in his surviving fragments, and that he seems to have disbelieved in the immortality of the soul—Dr. Adam's contention may very possibly be right. For, as he himself says, "the historically important point is not whether Anaxagoras called *Nous* God or not: it is rather to what extent he ascribed to *Nous* those attributes and functions which, according to the theology of later times, belong to the Deity". Dr. Adam may again be right when, with Zeller, he interprets the dictum of Protagoras, "Man is the measure of all things", as meaning that each individual man is to himself the standard of what is true or false. This certainly is the way in which Plato explained the aphorism. Yet the opinion that the word "man" should here be understood generically has more to be said for it than Dr. Adam will allow.

Although Dr. Adam is best known as a student of Plato, his chapters on that philosopher are not the most valuable part of his book. In many respects some of the shorter studies—particularly those on Pindar, Xenophanes, Heraclitus, Euripides and Socrates—are more instructive and original. These brilliant expositions may be read with profit again and again. They abound in detailed information combined with shrewd and telling criticism. Nothing could be better, for example, than Dr. Adam's discussion of the Logos doctrine of Heraclitus. He is unquestionably right in his conclusion that the Heraclitean Logos "is virtually the divine reason, immanent in nature and in man", and that on its material side it is to be identified with Fire, out of which come and into which go all things. In other words, the three conceptions Logos, Fire, and God, are for Heraclitus fundamentally the same. Regarded spiritually God is the Logos "by which all things are steered"; regarded in his physical and material aspect he is the Fire which creates, sustains, and in the end perhaps reabsorbs the world. The connexion of this teaching with the Logos doctrine of St. John is obvious, and illustrates the importance of Greek religious ideas for the student of early Christian literature. Noteworthy, again, is Dr. Adam's apology for the Socratic position that virtue is knowledge. He points out very truly that by knowledge Socrates meant, not the mere accumulation of facts within the mind, but

"a certain overmastering principle or power that lays hold primarily indeed of the intellect, but through the intellect of the entire personality, moulding and disciplining the will and the emotions into absolute unison with itself". Such a conception of knowledge is the intellectual counterpart of the Christian conception of faith: both the one and the other are conceived as necessarily influencing life. An evil liver could not be possessed of knowledge in the Socratic sense any more than he could have the faith of S. Paul; conversely the man who really has in him this principle of knowledge could not by any possibility descend to baseness. Much of the popular criticism that is directed against the intellectualism of Socrates is beside the point.

NOVELS.

"The Bloom o' the Heather." By S. R. Crockett. London: Nash. 1908. 6s.

This collection of Mr. Crockett's tales might serve at least one useful purpose. It might be studied as an object-lesson in the way not to write a short story. The art of writing the conte is attained as rarely by British as by German writers: in France and in Russia there have been as many masters of it as of the novel. The failure and the success are both a little difficult to account for. Perhaps Anglo-Teutonic methods in literature are a little heavy-handed, a little too serious for making that soufflé of the emotions that a short story should be. Compare Mr. Thomas Hardy's short stories with Maupassant's. For all their intense dramatic suggestiveness the Englishman's work does not come off the page like the Frenchman's. It fails to stir that exhilarated apprehension of life with which the other fills our senses. But the worst of Mr. Hardy is a very long way from the best in the way of briefness that Mr. Crockett can ever hope to reach. His are all the qualities which should avoid the test of brevity. He lacks altogether the sense of form which is the first essential quality; his material does not as a rule make for shapeliness, but when it does he squanders what there is of structure on sentimental excrescences. He revels in a garrulous diffuseness, in "spreading himself out". He gets his effects by sheer illimitable imitation. Thus he expresses homeliness by being exasperatingly boring, and the subtleties of affection by a sequence of mental asterisks which archly postpone information of which we have for chapters been indifferently aware. All his idiosyncrasies are so admirably expressed in one of those stories, "The Seven Wise Men", supposed to be told by a mistress of the manse, that one grows suspicious that his masculinity may be an assumption, and that there may be at least the excuse of sex for the invertebrate sentimentality of these wearisome tales.

"Absolution." By Clara Viebig. Translated by H. Raahauge. London: Lane. 1908. 6s.

If, as we imagine, Fraülein Viebig's fine novel "Das Schlafendes Heer" has not been translated into English, it is interesting that "Absolution" should have been selected as the specimen of her work to be first given to English readers. The fact suggests that unconventionalism is the most marketable quality in a novel by a foreign hand. Now for unconventionalism there is much to be said, but too often the German variety of it does not keep well enough to bear a journey. There is a sentimental morbidity about the present story which we find very nauseous. The heroine is the pretty young wife of a boorish elderly farmer in Prussian Poland, and her one object in life is to poison her husband, originally because she dislikes him, but, after a time, because she lusts after another man. She does not exactly succeed, but her conduct drives the husband to drink, and gives the author great opportunities for revelling in a study of degradation. We are left in no doubt as to the easy morals of most of the characters, but the really repulsive feature of the book is the close study of the emotional religious hysteria of a very young girl. The novel makes no direct sensual appeal, but should have a great success among the nasty-minded.

"The Last Shore." By Vincent Brown. London: Chapman and Hall. 1908. 6s.

Mr. Brown is oddly devoted to the doctrine that a mild polygamous tendency in a woman is, on the whole, a mark of great nobility of soul. But this book marks a great advance upon such of his former novels as have come under our eye. It is carefully and not extravagantly written, and the heroine's character is intelligible. The men, on the other hand, are a queer company. We could fancy that Mr. Brown had set himself to portray in the manner of Meredith men whom Charles Kingsley might have invented. One man is a brute, but he soon breaks his neck. Another is the patient lover whom we all know and for whom we all feel compassion—as, in the end, does his rather flighty Dulcinea. A third is the weak man with noble impulses, who learns to triumph over his baser nature. Mr. Brown perceives that the familiar stepping-stones to higher things may include not only our dead selves but also living women, and that it is upon the latter that the ascending foot tramples most heavily. And then there is the utterly unscrupulous man about town. Thus dissected, the story seems far more conventional than it appeared in the reading. We then thought it original and interesting, and we were probably right.

"A Laughing Matter." By Shan F. Bullock. London: Laurie. 1908. 6s.

It is a trivial matter, but we are annoyed when we find the friends of the worthy martinet Colonel Deycourt addressing him as "Mr. Deycourt". This was probably his main reason for refusing to accept that excellent if commonplace youth Harry Sargent as a son-in-law, but Mr. Bullock has somehow overlooked the fact. The story is a pleasant comedy of suburban life—a pretty girl of real charm committed to the care of a busy novelist and his match-making wife. But it is a pity that a writer whose stories of rural life in Ulster are really in the first rank should turn to work which a dozen other men can do with greater facility. Probably the commonplace young Londoner is of more interest to the novel-reading public than the North of Ireland farmer or labourer, because the average Londoner likes to see his own presentment in a novel, just as he likes to see his own views in the leading articles of his newspaper. In the minor character of Paudeen, however, an old Irish jobbing-gardener, Mr. Bullock shows where his real powers lie. The man in the 'bus will probably be bored by Paudeen.

"Chateau Royal." By J. H. Yoxall. London: Smith, Elder. 1908. 6s.

Mr. Yoxall is not content to construct a lively tale of a young Englishman's quest for a pretty girl half-way round France, but constantly pauses to dig the reader in the ribs and claim his boisterous enjoyment of some farcical episode. The story is founded on the same motif as Mr. Seton Merriman's "The Last Hope", and it is interesting to see by what radically different methods the two writers treat the theme of a descendant of the Dauphin, de jure Louis XVII. Mr. Yoxall has not quite grasped the rudiments of the Legitimist creed: he seems to think (or at any rate he makes his Pretender think) that Louis Philippe would have been the rightful King if the Dauphin had really died as a boy, thus overlooking the Comte de Chambord. His Pretender is also so ignorant alike of the Salic Law and the principles of legitimacy as to imagine that the (ex hypothesi) daughter of the eldest Bourbon line could advance a claim to the throne of France in virtue of marrying a descendant of a bastard of Henri Quatre. But we are taking Mr. Yoxall too seriously.

"The Easy-go-Luckies." By Maud Stepney Rawson. London: Methuen. 1908. 6s.

There is a note of apology in Mrs. Rawson's prefatorial statement that she has written "a simple story of country life", as if she felt that something more ambitious and strenuous was expected from her. Not at all; we should have been quite pleased with the "simple story" if the "Easy-go-Luckies" had been the captivating, attractive sort of irresponsibles which the author believes them to be. They convulse each

other and their friends with laughter, but leave us unamused. The plot is slender, but stuffed out to due proportions by the lengthy accounts of a pageant and of the Bradfield play, and similar bits of experience which the author thinks useful material. She is too good a work-woman not to make a readable story, and there are many charming bits of description of river scenery, and clever character studies, while the actual writing is unusually good. But it strikes us as a forced piece of work, lacking in the verve, inspiration and buoyancy necessary to its subject; it requires such a very strong sense of humour to make the story of a large family anything but depressing.

"Jack Spurling, Prodigal." By George Horace Lorimer. London: Murray. 1908. 6s.

The following sentence is a very fair example of Mr. Lorimer's style and peculiar sense of humour: "I went up in the air like an old wife happening by the office, and discovering her husband dictating to a new blonde peacherino, instead of old reliable." We learn from a publisher's note that "all rights are reserved, including that of translation into foreign languages, including the Scandinavian." When "Jack Spurling, Prodigal" is translated into English, we shall be better able to give it critical attention.

SHORTER NOTICES.

"Washed by Four Seas." By H. C. Woods. London: Unwin. 1908. 7s. 6d. net.

Sir Martin Conway writes an introduction to this account of "an English officer's travels in the Near East" which may easily convey the impression that the book is of more solid importance than it actually is. No doubt the average man knows more of Africa than of the Balkan Peninsula. "Its geography is complicated. Its ethnography is confused. Its history is intricate. Its politics are inexplicable." Mr. Woods' chapters may perhaps serve to improve our geography, but its contribution to the elucidation of ethnographical, historical and political problems is small. We could have dispensed with whole pages about Constantinople and Sofia, as to which he has nothing new to say, and what he says is undistinguished by the literary graces which alone excuse the covering of old ground. So much of the book is concerned with Turkey that we might have looked for some hint of the forces which have brought about the new Constitution. All we get is a reference to Midhat's Parliament of 1876, which was abolished "because it attempted to assume too large an amount of authority. Needless to say, it has never been resummoned." It was a little unkind of the Sultan to summon a new parliament, however unwillingly, at the very time Mr. Woods' book was being published. On the other hand we could have tolerated considerable additions to his impressions of the interior, and his account of the railways of the Near East should be useful. Mr. Woods has the instinct of the born traveller and he has penetrated the Balkans by means both of the luxurious Orient express and the primitive pack-saddle donkey. Knowing some Turkish, his experience proved that a little knowledge is not always a dangerous thing. All drawbacks and discomforts notwithstanding, the interior of the Ottoman Empire, "with its courteous, lordly yet simple inhabitants," was a pleasant surprise, seeing the reputation it bears. In the Rhodope Balkans he found the Turks busy carrying out works "to enable them to advance towards the Bulgarian frontier with all kinds of wheeled transport," and the people of the villages pretend to be completely ignorant as to what it all means. Such touches, and the book contains many, lend it its chief interest.

"The Historical Records of the Eleventh Hussars (Prince Albert's Own)." By Captain Godfrey Trevelyan Williams. London: Newnes. 1908. 42s. net.

Early in 1715, when the Pretender was known to be preparing for an attempt to seize the throne, George I. caused thirteen regiments of dragoons to be added to the establishment. Among these was Honeywood's Dragoons, which eventually became the 11th Hussars. In those days a regiment of dragoons consisted of only six troops of twenty-eight men; thus a regiment mustered less than two hundred sabres, or two weak squadrons according to modern ideas. Honeywood's men took an active share in suppressing the rising of '15, but their record of service for the next thirty years is not exhilarating. In accordance with the custom of that period they were mainly employed in suppressing riots or other disorders and in the prevention of smuggling. Every summer the regiment went to "grass quarters" from April until September, a device for saving the cost of forage. There were no cavalry barracks in those days, and in consequence the men were scattered in billets. Upon the introduction of the police system our cavalry

gradually ceased to be employed upon constabulary duties but it was not until the introduction of free trade that they discontinued performing the work of preventive men. In "the '45" the 11th Dragoons took part in the battle of Culloden, and a few years later were employed in the raids on the French coast during the Seven Years War. Both in the Peninsula and at Waterloo they distinguished themselves, and in the Crimean campaign they rode in the Balaklava charge. Captain Williams has produced a most admirable and complete record of his famous regiment. The various campaigns in which it served are illustrated by most excellent maps which are convenient for reference—a somewhat unusual arrangement. The kaleidoscopic changes of the regimental uniform from scarlet to blue, blue to scarlet, and lastly scarlet to blue with crimson—the famous "cherry"—overalls, are all well shown in numerous illustrations. The book concludes with a roll of all the officers who have served in the regiment during the one hundred and ninety-three years of its existence. It is certainly one of the best regimental histories we have seen.

"New Zealand at Home." By R. A. Loughnan. London: Newnes. 1908. 5s. net.

Mr. Pember Reeves long ago called the colony he has represented so well in London "The Fortunate Islands," and there is much in Mr. Loughnan's volume—one of a series dealing with various countries "at home"—to justify the description. New Zealand has had its troubles, its economic crises, its political embarrassments, its native wars, but it has come through them all triumphantly and in some ways to-day may claim to be the ideal British colony. Its extraordinary natural beauty, its fertility, its mineral resources are equalled only by the sterling character of the men and women it breeds, and the energy they invariably put into the conduct of their affairs. The enterprising spirit of the pioneers is to be found in the business relationships and the political experiments of their descendants. New Zealand is as imperial on the one hand as democratic on the other, and Mr. Loughnan in an unpretentious way manages to leave a well-defined impression on the reader's mind of the forces which go to make the New Zealander-born as loyal to the Empire as he is to his colony. His chapters cover town life and country life, wealth, agriculture, mining, labour, religion, literature, art, sport, the position of woman and the rest of it, and their special merit is that they can be read by those who know New Zealand as well as by those who want to know it. If the book has a fault it is that its eulogy is unrelieved; the New Zealanders have done things deserving of the praise he gives, but the things that could be criticised he either ignores or dismisses with a humorous touch. To Mr. Loughnan the colonists are "a picked people of the best race, improved by stress of colonising work." To improve on the pick of the best is a wondrous achievement.

"Life and Letters of H. Taine, 1870-1892." Abridged and Translated by E. Sparvel Bayley. London: Constable. 1908. 7s. 6d. net.

The third and fourth volumes of the French edition of Taine's Life and Letters have been admirably compressed into one in the English translation. The new volume will be read with not less delight in England than were its predecessors. Its interest is the greater because it covers the Franco-German war, and we are enabled by the intimacy of letters written in the very hour when Taine's emotions were keenest to realise what the mistakes of the French leaders, the successes of the Germans, and the excesses of the Commune meant to a sensitive mind such as that of the French historian of English literature. It was a great trial to Taine that he was not allowed by the doctors to join the army. He was fortunate in being invited to deliver a series of lectures at Oxford during the days immediately following the raising of the siege of Paris. Judging whilst in England of the doings of the Communists, he expressed his conviction that Paris would cease to be the capital of France, and that a great gulf was to separate the Paris of the future from that of the past. Six years later he still felt that France was below the level of Italy and about equal in prestige to Spain. "It is all that we can hope for." Time did not qualify his pessimism. "Centralisation and universal suffrage," he wrote in 1881, "the two distinguishing traits of modern France, have impaired her constitution to the causing of both apoplexy and anæmia." Taine's briefest comments on men and affairs were never lacking in point, and this last batch of letters does not seem to contain a superfluous word.

"Men-of-War Names." By Prince Louis of Battenberg. London: Stanford. 1908. 7s. 6d. net.

Admiral Prince Louis would have had more than enough to do had he sought to give reasons why a particular ship bears a particular name. He has sensibly limited his labours to definitions, varying from bare translations to short historical disquisitions. Naval nomenclature sometimes gives a clue to the way a nation looks at life and is consequently often amusing, perhaps even instructive. An Englishman would smile to be told that one of the new cruisers was to be called Shakespeare, but it would not be so funny as naming an

(Continued on page 276.)

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armoured cruiser after the author of "The Life of Jesus". As midshipmen are paid to take the chance of being killed in battle, the accomplishment of their destiny may appear insufficient to entitle them to have vessels, however small, christened after them, but the Argentine Republic thinks otherwise. Was it humour or the lack of it which made the Japanese call the "Gaidamak"—"Light-armed Warrior"—scuttled at Port Arthur, "Shikinami", which being interpreted means "The waves chasing one another"? Certainly "Shigare"—"Gentle Rain"—is suggestive for a destroyer. Of European Powers Germany has the happiest knack of finding appropriate names for fighting ships. The new edition of this little book includes the navies of the Argentine Republic, Brazil, Chile, China and Japan.

"The Aldermen of the City of London" (London: Eden Fisher. 1908. 21s. net) is a practically exhaustive list of City aldermen, arranged under their respective wards, from 1276 to the present day. It has been compiled at immense pains by the Rev. A. B. Beaven. It represents, no doubt, many years' work and research, and the care taken is shown by the dozen or more pages of addenda and corrigenda at the end of the volume. Mr. Beaven is clearly a competent self-critic.

"Revue des Deux Mondes." 15 Août.

This number is very full of information, but somewhat heavy. M. Charmes, however, is well worth attention, for he puts in a small compass the facts which reveal the very serious stage into which the conflict between capital and labour is drifting in France. Needless to say this is due in the main to the laches of successive Republican Ministries, too much occupied with despoiling the Church to keep the balance even in the relations of civil life. For often authority seems disposed to side with the rioters against the police, with a view of course to votes. When M. Clemenceau takes a sensible step he is too often countered by the pressure of some of his colleagues. Paris was recently deprived for two hours of electric light and is now threatened by the man who was responsible with a general strike which shall aim "at the very centre of the country's economic life". A pleasant prospect this for the Frenchman whose one desire is to live his life without disturbance! Now a lock-out is threatened by the contractors for the underground railway works, owing to their inability to meet the exorbitant demands of the navvies.

For this Week's Books see page 278.

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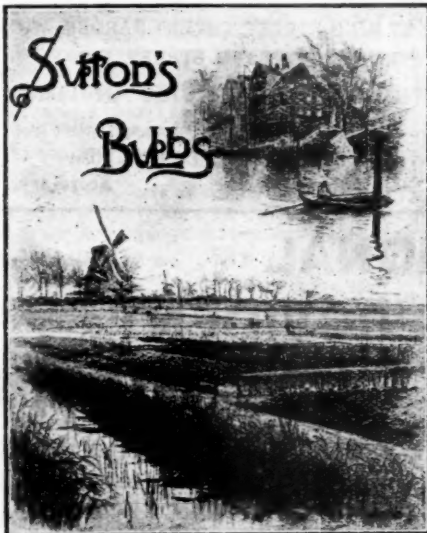
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